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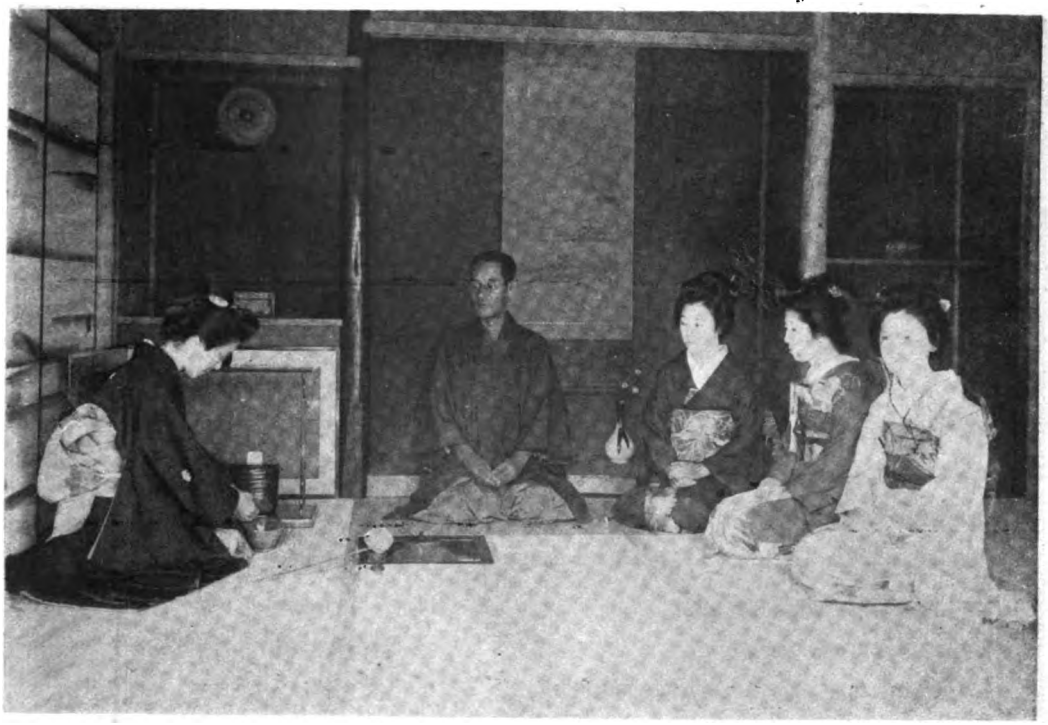

Ceremonial Tea

Children Receiving a Lesson in the Tea Ceremony

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Dawn at the Shrine—New Year's Day

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THE JAPAN MAGAZINE

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DAWN AT THE SHRINE

[Japanese poetry has developed under the patronage of the Imperial family. Almost all the Japanese Emperors were composers of poetry; and from old times it has been a custom to hold the so-called "Poetical Meeting" in the beginning of every year. On this occasion the poems composed by the Imperial family are published together with many excellent ones which have beforehand been presented to them. The two given here are the poems that Their Majesties the Emperor and Empress composed for this New Year.]

By the Emperor

While praying unto God, I saw
The sacred lights of the Shrine grow
Fainter and shine less bright at dawn
Upon the white sleeves of my gown.

By the Empress

The sun rose up in days of yore
  Out of her heav'nly cave, I hear;
She now comes out just as before:
  How pure Ise's first rays appear!

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LAFCADIO HEARN*

By F. HADLAND DAVIS

(Author of "Japan: From the Age of the Gods to the Fall of Tsingtau," "Myths and Legends of Japan," "The Land of the Yellow Spring," "The Peony of Pao-Yu," etc.)

IT is probable that more books have been written about Japan in recent years than any other country, but few will deny that out of that vast accumulation of publications the work of Lafcadio Hearn is pre-eminent. When we survey his twelve books devoted to the study of the Land of the Gods—from those first glowing impressions in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* to his critical masterpiece, *Japan: An Interpretation*, we are conscious of having come in touch with one who has not only told us more about Japan than any other writer, but who has at the same time presented his material in a rich, poetic and sensitive style that is irresistible in its charm.

Hearn has been described as a sentimentalist by those who are not familiar with his biting comments in reference to the majority of young Japanese men who ape the West and ridiculé the Spirit of Old Japan. Religious people have taken objection to his attitude toward Christianity. Others have lamented that he was too much under the influence of Herbert Spencer. Dr. Gould has described Hearn as lacking in originality and devoid of genius. Muck-rakes have been busy stirring up his youthful follies, and some American critics can do no better than describe Hearn as an Oriental Edgar Allan Poe.

Yone Noguchi was right when he observed that "you must have another Hearn to understand Lafcadio Hearn." He writes: "We never talk of Hearn's personality here; it is enough to have his books;—and we have only to burn incense before his grave and read a *sutra*, if we cannot say anything good about him in public." Such a method is not adopted in the offices of our literary journals, and Western admirers of Hearn's work no longer indulge in æsthetic performances so delightfully parodied in *Patience*. We must track our great ones down, and in our haste we forget to carry lilies or to burn incense. "They will cut us up like pigs when we're gone,"* said Edwin Arnold to Tennyson, but in trying to portray something of the personality of Hearn, I have no intention of making a gory mess of the business by

* The passage occurs in a letter I received from Dr. Channing Arnold, a son of the poet.

* The works of Hearn, published by Kegan Paul, Macmillan, Harper, and Constable.
The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn, by Elizabeth Bisland, 2 vols., Constable.
The Japanese Letters of Lafcadio Hearn, edited by Elizabeth Bisland. Constable.
Concerning Lafcadio Hearn, by George M. Gould. Fisher Unwin.
Lafcadio Hearn in Japan, by Yone Noguchi, with Mrs. Lafcadio Hearn's Reminiscences, Elkin Mathews.

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Upper: Late Lafcadio Hearn and his Wife
Lower: Kazuo Koizumi, Eldest Son, at Seventeen Years of Age

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Acrobatic Feats by Firemen at the New Year's Season

Wrestling Match at Kokugikan, Tokyo

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presenting a picture remotely resembling the pig-killing scene in *Jude the Obscure*. His character was so sensitive, so wayward, so erie, so child-like, so wrapped about with mystery, that no one so far has been able to describe him with any degree of completeness. We can fathom his genius to a certain extent, but the man himself we do not know, and when we recall his own conception of personality—a man who is the sum total of billions of past lives—it is not surprising that we get a little fogged in attempting to work out the problem. Even Mrs. Hearn's wonderful reminiscences of her husband are illusive, for we only catch a glimpse of this shy, fleeting figure. Hearn's letters, full of charm as they are, tell us little about his personality. They are only intimate so far as they reveal the writer. He is content, especially in his letters to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, to write about his work and his reading, and he does so with such minute detail, with such frank enthusiasm and such penetrating criticism, that we are able to realise the influences that so considerably helped to mould his tense and delicate style. No letters have hitherto appeared that so illuminate the inner workings of the literary mind.

Hearn did not cast a prophetic beam into the future. What he did was to illuminate the Japanese past. He was extraordinarily primitive, and might have afforded an excellent example in support of one of Dean Inge's pet theories. He was Pagan rather than Bohemian, and his paganism was more far-reaching than that of Heine when he wrote *The Exile of the Gods*. Hearn crept out of the way of civilisation whenever it was possible to do so. He sometimes rang the front-door bell of a friend's house and, through sheer timidity, bolted before his nervous ring could be answered. His love of tropical nights, especially those associated with his visit to the French West Indies, his abnormal development of the sensuous are characteristics that cannot be over-emphasised. He complained that many French authors wrote too much with the "pudic nerve," but as a matter of fact the chief stimulant of Hearn's pen was emotion. He had to feel intensely before he was able to express intensely too, and even his criticism of the work of other writers is governed by the same compelling force.

Many consider that Hearn at the last was disillusioned in regard to Japan. This is only partly true. There were occasions when this writer, usually so mild and gentle, could be excessively petulant. He did not hesitate to denounce the many innovations due to Western influence. He was condemning an ugly hybrid, not the original stock. Had he been alive to-day, and aware of Japan's "peaceful penetration" in China, he would have repeated his frequently quoted expletive, "Damn the Japanese!" He wrote: "I detest with unspeakable detestations the frank selfishness, the apathetic vanity, the shallow, vulgar scepticism of the New Japan that prates its contempt about Tempo times, and ridicules the dear old men of the pre-Meiji era, and that never smiles, having a heart as hollow and bitter as a dried lemon." He expressed himself strongly, but his denunciation of the New Japan is at the same time a vigorous acclamation of the Old. The type that was forever aping the West and mocking the noble past was hateful to Hearn. He wanted Japan to stand still: to worship her old gods and remain faithful to her illustrious ancestors; to be always quaint and super-

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stitious. He wanted the opalescent mists of Mount Fuji, and not the smoke of factory chimneys. He managed to preserve in his books all that was beautiful, picturesque and lovable about Japan. To attempt to destroy these ancient and hallowed charms was an act of vandalism he could not endure silently. He railed against the missionary "beasts," against officialdom in silk hat and frock-coat, and against many young Japanese men, of whom he wrote: "There will be no hearts after a time; Waterbury watches will be substituted instead. These will be cheap and cold, but will keep up a tolerably regular ticking." He would have endorsed the following old Chinese law: "Let him who says anything new, or him who shall invent anything new be put to death." He would have striven against universal suffrage in Japan, and he would have supported Kaibara's remark in *The Greater Learning for Women*: "Never set thyself up against thy husband with harsh features and a boisterous voice."

Can we account for Hearn's delicate, sensuous and almost ghostly style? I can suggest two possible, but by no means exhaustive, reasons—viz., his birth, and the fact that he suffered from myopia. He had Greek and Romany blood. The Greek accounted for his unquenchable love of the beautiful, combined, curiously enough, with an almost equal love of the horrible. He was moved by the smile of Venus and also by the twisting snakes above Medusa's brow. His Romany blood may have accounted for the fact that he was one of the world's wanderers.

I attach, in common with Dr. G. M. Gould*, even more importance to Hearn's defective vision. He saw everything in a microscopic way—and notice at this point the love of little things so characteristic of the Japanese. On the *tsuba* (sword-guard) and *netsuke* (toggle for medicine-box or tobacco-pouch) will be found stories from history and legend, while a Japanese garden, replete with lantern and bright red bridge, has been fashioned in a space no bigger than a soup plate. Hearn's limited vision seemed to stimulate rather than check his imagination. On one occasion a city editor persuaded Hearn to climb the spire of St. Paul's Cathedral, Cincinnati. He wrote an account of that experience, and it "went the round of the newspaper world." His feat recalls the following lines of Andrew Lang:

"And with my feeble eyes and dim,
Where *you* see patchy fields and fences,
For me the mists of Turner swim—
My azure distance soon commences!"

Hearn was more Stevensonian than R. L. S. in his reverence for words. He wrote: "For me words have colour, character; they have faces, pouts, manners, gesticulations; they have moods, humours, eccentricities; they have tints, tones, personalities." He toyed in a whimsical manner with this idea in a letter to Professor B. H. Chamberlain. He wrote:

Because people cannot see the colour of words, the tint of words, the secret ghostly motions of words:—

Because they cannot hear the whispering of words, the rustling of the procession of letters, the dream-flutes and dream-drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words:—

Because they cannot perceive the pouting of words, the frowning and fuming of words, the weeping, the raging and racketing of words:—

Because they are insensible to the

* Dr. Gould wrote interesting articles on this subject in the *Fortnightly Review*, October-November, 1906.

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phosphoresing of words, the fragrance of words, the noisomeness of words, the tenderness or hardness, the drying or juiciness of words,—the interchange of values in the gold, the silver and the copper of words:—

Is that any reason why we should not try to make them hear, to make them see, to make them feel?. . . .

Hearn had one answer ready himself: "Because they won't buy your books, and you won't make any money." The closed pockets of the Philistines did not distress him. In the same letter he wrote:

. . . Surely I have never yet made, and never expect to make any money. Neither do I expect to write ever for the multitude. I write for beloved friends who can see colour in words, can smell the perfume of syllables in blossom, can be shocked with the fine elfish electricity of words. And in the eternal order of things, words will eventually have their rights recognised by the people.

Mrs. Hearn used to tell her husband Japanese ghost stories. They were told on dreary evenings, and in a room that was dimly lighted. Mrs. Hearn wrote:

When I tell him stories I always told him at first the mere skeleton of the story. If it is interesting, he puts it down in his note-book and makes me repeat several times.

And when the story is interesting, he instantly becomes exceedingly serious; the colour of his face changes; his eyes wear the look of fearful enthusiasm.

As I went on as usual with the story of Okachinsan, his face gradually changed pale; his eyes were fixed; I feel a sudden awe. When I finished the narrative he became a little relaxed and said it was very interesting. "O blood!" he repeatedly said; and asked me several questions regarding the situations, actions, etc., involved in the story. "In what manner was 'O blood!' exclaimed? In what manner of voice? What do you think of the sound of 'geta' at that time? How was the night? I think so and so. What do you think? etc." Thus he consulted me about various things besides the original story which I told from the book. If any one happened to to see us thus talking from outside, he would surely think that we were mad.

The story of Okachinsan was published in *Kottō*,* and its weirdness and dramatic force were undoubtedly due in some measure to those fearsome questions and answers Mrs. Hearn has described so vividly. The story is not original. Hearn never invented a story of his own. He borrowed his material, but so far from leaving a debt we usually associate with plagiarism, he ransacked his store of words with so much diligence, and arranged and re-arranged them with so much artistry, that the material, fusty enough in the original, glows with the lustre of Chinese silk. Lamb claimed that the value of a book lent to Coleridge was enhanced considerably when it was returned with the magic of his marginal notes. And so it was with Hearn. He borrowed a good deal of his literary material, but he had the art of jewelling dull phrases and of giving a ghostly perfume to the most acrid passages. He borrowed nothing that his genius did not beautify a thousandfold.

Hearn wrote in one of his early letters from Japan:

Pretty to talk of my "pen of fire." I've lost it. Well, the fact is, it is no use here. There isn't any fire here. It is all soft, dreamy, quiet, pale, faint, gentle, hazy, vapory, visionary. . . . Don't please imagine there are any tropics here. Ah! the tropics—they still pull at my heart-strings. Goodness! my real field was there—in the Latin countries, in the West Indies and Spanish America: and my dream was to haunt the old crumbling Portuguese and Spanish cities,

* *The Legend of Yurei-Daki.* In Hearn's version Okachinsan reads O-Katsu-San.

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and steam up the Orinoco, and get romances nobody else could find. And I could have done it, and made books that would sell for twenty years."

Hearn was wrong. Few read to-day his *Chita*, *Youma* and *Two Years in the French West Indies*, while of *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, *Out of the East* and *Kokoro* Professor B. H. Chamberlain wrote: "Never perhaps was scientific accuracy of detail married to such tender and exquisite brilliancy of style. In reading these wonderfully original essays, we feel the truth of Richard Wagner's saying, that 'Alles Verständniss kommt uns nur durch die Liebe.'"*

It was fortunate for Hearn, and for us, that he did not spend the best years of his life in Latin countries. Japan stimulated his genius as no other country could have done. Israel Zangwill has said, in reference to Pierre Loti's *Madame Chrysanthème*, that "instead of looking for the soul of a people, Pierre Loti was simply looking for a woman." Hearn wrote a remarkable essay on *The Eternal Feminine*, but his quest did not end there. In *Gleanings in Buddha Fields* he shook off the rosy rapture of his first Japanese book. Miss Elizabeth Bisland wrote: "The visible beauty of woman, of nature, of art, grew to absorb him less as he sought for the essential principle of beauty."

We cannot use the word popular in reference to any of Hearn's work, but *Kokoro* is probably the most widely read book, and, both in story and essay, the volume is a fine achievement. He gradually abandoned the early richness of his style in favour of a "pellucid simplicity." His biographer wrote: "The transparent, shadowy, 'weird stories' of *Kwaidan* were as unlike the splendid floridity of his West Indian studies as a Shintō shrine is unlike a Gothic cathedral. These ghostly sketches might have been made by the brush of a Japanese artist; a grey whirl of water about a phantom fish—a shadow of a pine bough across the face of a spectral moon—an outline of mountains as filmy as dreams, brief, almost childishly simple, and yet suggesting things poignant, things ineffable." Whether Hearn wrote about dust or ants, stars or Nirvana, azure psychology or *frisson*, the power of glamour and emotion were never absent except in his *Japan: An Interpretation*. In that posthumous book, by some critics regarded as his finest work, there is no trace of emotionalism. It is penetrating criticism: Hearn's final judgment on Japan and the Japanese. It occupies a place by itself, and is as distinct from his other work as is *The Dynasts* from the Wessex novels. In *Japan: An Interpretation* he forgot his old worship—"the worship of the Odd, the Queer, the Strange, the Exotic, the Monstrous."

Now that Hearn's lectures on literature to Japanese students have been published* and widely reviewed, something must be said in reference to his literary opinions and literary influences. Was Hearn a sound critic? That his remarks in regard to many writers were extremely apt cannot be denied; but on the other hand he was too emotional, too sensitive, too inconsistent, to be always a sound judge of literary matters. On one occasion he praised a worthless book on account of his liking for the sender, and confessed in one of his letters: "I should certainly make a bad critic if I were acquainted

* Things Japanese.

* Interpretations of Literature, Appreciations of Poetry and Life and Literature. Heinemann.

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with authors and their friends. One sees what does not exist whenever one loves or hates. As I am rather a creature of extremes, I should be an extremely crooked-visioned judge of work." Hearn described *Le Marriage de Loti* as "the weirdest and loveliest romance ever written," and when ill, it was one of his regrets that he might never be able to read *L'Inde sans Anglais.* But his enthusiasm cooled, as it cooled in regard to De Quincey. We find Hearn rather bitterly complaining of Loti's formal typewritten letters to him, and his final comment is: "The poet became a little morbid, modern, affected Frenchman."

When Hearn praised, he praised wholeheartedly. He has never excelled the following in warmth of eulogy: "I have a book for you—an astounding book,—a godlike book. . . . It is the finest book on the East ever written: and though very small contains more than all my library of Oriental books." The volume was Percival Lowell's *The Soul of the Far East.* He wrote of Kipling: "He is to my fixed conviction the greatest of living English poets, and greater than all before him in the line he has taken." He wrote with the same generous abandon: "Never in this world will I be able to write one page to compare with a page of his. He makes me feel so small, that after reading him I wonder why I am such an ass as to write at all."

Such enthusiasm is interesting rather tthan valuable. It is only when Hearn's opinions are analytical, are not emotional, that they become worthy of honest criticism. He has dealt as justly with Zola and Ebers as he has written extravagantly of Gautier and Flaubert. The author of *First Principle* and other books devoted to synthetic philosophy, would have been amused had he read the following extravaganza: "I find my only salvation in a return to the study of the Oceanic Majesty and Power and Greatness and Holiness and Omniscience of Herbert Spencer." Edward Fitzgerald would not have used more capital letters! Hearn was so steeped in neurotic literature that only occasionally his criticisms have weight. His comments on English eighteenth century literature are simply foolish, as if he were angry with Pope for not being a lotus-eater! Now and again, made a little dizzy by Hearn's literary frenzies, we stumble upon a good thing such as the following remark on Carlyle:

Assuredly Carlyle is no sweet pill to swallow; and he never guides you anywhere. He is hard reading; one feels as if travelling over broken rocks and boulders hidden by scrub. But there are lightning flashes in that apocalyptic style of his which reveal infinite things. I read only for the flashes. Even then only a little at a time, every day. Did you ever know the agony of trying to read *Sartor Resartus* for *pleasure?*

"The new poetry is simply rotten!" wrote Hearn, "morbidly and otherwise. . . . There is no joy in this new world—and scarcely any tenderness: the language is the language of art, but the spirit is of Holbein and Gothic ages of religious madness." In spite of this observation he finally preferred Dobson and Watson and Lang to Wordsworth, Keats, or Shelley. Hearn quoted Watson's line on Wordsworth: "It may be thought has broadened since he died!" and playfully added: "Well, I should smile. His deepest truths have become platitudes." Hearn wrote of Swinburne: "There is nonsense in Swinburne, but he

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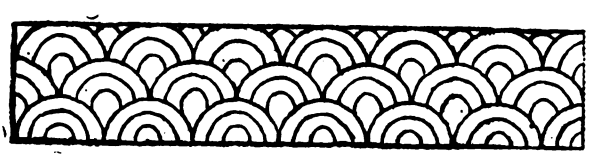
is merely a melodist and colourist. He enlarges the English tongue,—shows its richness, unsuspected flexibility, admirable sponge-power of beauty-absorption. . . ." His criticism of Whitman was sound and neatly expressed. He wrote:

Whitman's gold seems to me in the ore: his diamonds and emeralds in the rough. . . . Whitman's is indeed a Titanic voice; but it seems to me the voice of the giant beneath the volcano,—half stifled, half uttered—roaring betimes because articulation is impossible. . .

However changeable Hearn may have been in many respects, he remained true to his literary ideal. R. A. Scott-James, writing of Joseph Conrad, observes: "There is a fable about him to the effect that when faced with the choice between writing in English and in French, he decided for English, because in France all were stylists, but in England there were none of this kidney." There is no similar fable concerning Hearn, but he was aware that English literature lacked the delicate subtleties, the artistry of style peculiar to the French, or rather to the Latin nations generally. He wrote: "It has long been my aim to create something in English fiction analogous to that warmth of colour and richness of imagery hitherto peculiar to Latin literature. Being of a meridional race myself, a Greek, I *feel* rather with the Latin race than with the Anglo-Saxon; and trust that with time and study I may be able to create something different from the stone-grey of latter-day English."

Hearn claimed that mythology, history, history, romance, and especially poetry, enriched fancy. He went so far as to assert that astronomy, geology, and ethnology furnished him "with a wonderful and startling variety of images, symbols, and illustrations." Alive, on the emotional side, to the work of others, he believed that "when the soil of fancy is really well enriched with innumerable fallen leaves, the flowers of language grow spontaneously." The wonder is that this sensitive writer, who rushed from one shrine of praise to another, from Gautier to Kipling, and from Kipling to Herbert Spencer, should have been able to form an individual style of his own that is either the man himself, or his dream of the beautiful that came to him in the States, in the West Indies, and in Japan —that dream of poetic prose. He wrote: "Then I stopped thinking. For I saw my home—and the lights of its household gods—and my boy stretching out his hands to me—and all the simple charm and love of Old Japan. And the fairy-world seized my soul again, very softly and sweetly—as a child might a butterfly." That is our last impression of Lafcadio Hearn, for it was from such thoughts as these that he dreamed his dream, called up to a weary and cynical and hustling world the ghostly magic of the Land of the Gods.



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MRS. HEARN'S DAILY LIFE

By S. FUJII

FIFTEEN years have elapsed since Lafcadio Hearn died. Many of those foreigners who admire his works come over to Japan on purpose to visit his old residence. As a matter of fact, Mr. Macdonald, a retired American paymaster, anxious to see the surviving family of this illustrious writer, left Vancouver on December 15th and arrived in Japan on the 28th. The officer is a gentleman of above sixty. Though Hearn is now so enthusiastically admired by his readers, his last days were very lonely. He came to Japan alone and friendless. He had no one to rely upon; he bequeathed little or no fortune. He died leaving four children to his Japanese wife's care. And how are these four children?

Lafcadio Hearn, it need not be said, had as his father an Englishman, and as his mother a Greek. He was born in Greece, and brought up in England and France. He became a man in America, and then was naturalized in Japan. He was the first occidental ever interred with Buddhist services. After his death his literary fame became higher and higher. Some of his manuscripts are appraised at tens of thousands of yen on the market. "I love Japan more than a Japanese does," he said, and devoted himself on behalf of Japan for fifteen years. He wrote thirteen excellent books, in which he endeavoured to introduce, vindicate and explain Japan. These works are so much talked of abroad, that the Japanese Government has bestowed on Hearn the junior grade of the fifth rank. His Japanese name was Yakumo Koizumi.

The second half of his life was more interesting than a novel, and full of miracles. It was a miracle that he came over to Japan and found his dear wife among the Japanese. It was also a miracle that he, who was blind of one eye and whose other eye was so short-sighted, could have four children. The late Dr. Kenjiro Ume, one of Mrs. Hearn's relatives, anxiously questioned how to bring up these children; but they have all grown up to be healthy and promising.

The name of Kazuo, Hearn's eldest son, is derived from the *cadio* of Lafcadio. Mr. Kazuo was only eleven years old when his father died. At that time he had a comparatively weak constitution, but by degrees became stronger. After graduating from the literary course of Waseda University with a good record he entered the Oriental Society presided over by Viscount Eitaro Komatsubara and is at present engaged in compilation. He is now twenty-seven years old and is an excellent gentlemanly fellow. He looks quite like a European, but speaks good Japanese.

Mr. Iwao, the second son, has adopted the name of Inagaki, entering the house of his mother's parents. He is different

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in appearance from his elder brother; though he has a high nose, he is entirely Japanese. He is a tall, strong, handsome man of twenty-five. He is now studying electrical engineering in the Kyoto University. He has so clear an intellect that he is very promising as a scholar or a technical expert. So he is expected to make a name worthy of the successor of a famous author. While at the Sixth High School at Okayama, he is said to have been known as a champion in base-ball there. We are told that his father, having admired the late General Oyama, gave him the name of Iwao. He will have a stronger constitution than the famous general when he is older. Hearn's third son, Mr. Kiyoshi, who is now twenty-two years of age, after graduating from the Waseda Middle School, entered the Western painting course of the Fine Arts School, and is now a first year student. Being very studious, he is expected to become something of an artist. Hearn's daughter, Miss Suzuko, aged nineteen, is now at home, learning domestic matters from her mother.

These persons form Hearn's remaining family. Of these, Mr. Iwao is in Kyoto; and Mr. Kiyoshi, finding it inconvenient to draw large pictures at his home, has taken up his quarters near the school. So at present only the three others are staying at home. Much expense is needed that they lead such a life. What property has the Koizumi family then? and what is the way of living?

In accordance with the late Shoichi Toyama's invitation, Hearn came up to Tokyo from Kansai, where he had lived for many years. At first he dwelt at a house in the grounds of the so-called Kobu-dera or Wen temple, Ichigaya. Therehe lived comparatively long—about seven years. He came up to town in the 29th year of Meiji (1897). His family having become large, he thought of moving to a comfortable house. With the greater part of the money which he had hitherto saved, he bought of a certain viscount his residence, situated at 265, Nishi Okubo, together with the ground. The old building was newly extended. The ground is 800 *tsubo*, with a big bamboo bush in it. It was too splendid a residence for a teacher of English drawing a salary of 450 yen a month. Though it was purchased at a comparatively cheap price, it is now estimated at 100,000 yen at least. This is the only immovable property the Koizumi family has. Some parts of the residence are let to three families; and with the rent and the royalties on some of Hearn's works, his surviving family can support themselves tolerably.

As for Hearn's copyrights, soon after his death most of them were disposed of according to Dr. Ume's proposal. If all his copyrights had been reserved, there would be a considerable sum from royalties. This we regret for the sake of his family. But even the royalties on the copyrights still reserved by his family are incomparably more than the rents and said to stand first as income.

Thus Hearn's family live in comparatively easy circumstances, so that they are grateful to their dear departed. If, however, a foreigner who admires this distinguished author witnesses the daily life of his family, he may be surprised to see how different it is from what he expected. All the students whom Hearn taught show good will directly or indirectly towards his remaining family. The most admirable is that his friends and worshippers abroad give support to

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his family and sympathize with them. Among the most enthusiastic admirers is Mrs. Elizabeth Witmore, of Washington, not to mention Mr. Macdonald, who has recently come over. These people, who have read Hearn's books, become lovers of Japan. Mr. Macdonald loves our country so much that he has already visited it five times, while Mrs. Witmore has a Japanese house built on her premises, where she is clad in Japanese clothes and takes Yamamoto's tea and Fujimura's *yokan*. From these facts you can see how great the influence of Hearn's works is.

It is, of course, owing to the power of Hearn's character that his family can now lead a peaceful life; but it is also attributable to Mrs. Setsuko Hearn's conscientiousness. She was not only faithful to her fastidious and eccentric husband, but also assisted him in his work, supplying him with many interesting Japanese stories and strange matters. While bringing up her four children, Mrs. Hearn never forgot her own culture and taste. She learned the *yokoku* or *utai* of the Kit school; and as for *cha-no-yu* and flower arrangement, she followed the Fumai school. She is so versed in flower arrangement especially, that she could pass for a teacher of the art. And she can write a nice hand, I am told. She was born in the 1st year of Meiji (1868). She is always very simple and unostentatious, and has never been censured in any way. Some years ago, when Mrs. Minnie Atkinson, Hearn's sister-in-law, came over to Japan, that lady saw how admirable Mrs. Hearn's attitude was and returned home quite satisfied. By way of mourning for her dead husband, she leaves his study as it was when he was alive.

OLD HAKONE BARRIER

Kumo no ito
Ato no shizugeshi
Natsu-kodachi.

The storm clouds quick disperse,
And soon again tranquillity
Midst close-ranked cryptomerias reigns.

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THE RED CROSS SOCIETY OF JAPAN

BRIEF HISTORY AND PROJECTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

THE Red Cross Society of Japan was established under the title of Benevolence Society (*Hakuaisha*) in the tenth year of Meiji (1877). In 1887 the title was changed to the present one, viz., The Red Cross Society of Japan, as is well known to the general public.

In 1877, the year of its inauguration, the Satsuma Rebellion broke out in the Southwest—in Kyushu. The awful, sanguinary sights, the terrible casualties resulting from the bloody battles, and the heart-rending cases for which there was no remedy available aroused two public-spirited senators to form an organization.

These senators were Mr. Tsunetami Sano and Mr. K. Ogyū, and the form they proposed to copy was that of the Red Cross Societies of Europe and America. The design was to furnish relief to all the sick and wounded in battle regardless under what banner they served. In this case both Imperialists and Insurgents were to be assisted.

The originators of this new Society sought Imperial sanction, and this was cordially given. His Imperial Highness Prince Taruhito Arisugawa, Commander-in-chief of the expeditionary forces, endorsed the project, expressing his sincere approval.

Thereupon those especially interested at once proceeded to organize a society, and named it the *Hakuaisha* (or Benevolence Society), and at once sent out physicians and a relief corps to the seat of war and actually carried out relief work there. Then when peace was restored, it was decided to preserve permanently the work of the new society, for which purpose the founders sought and obtained Imperial patronage. This sanction gave great impetus to the work and the membership was soon increased to two million.

The Red Cross Society of Japan now possesses one main hospital and seventeen branches, with altogether 2,280 beds. Besides the council with 30 permanent members, there are three inspectors, elected for a term of three years at the general annual conference.

In the respective prefectures throughout Japan there are branch offices established; in the suburban and city districts the work is managed by committees, while in the towns and villages subdivisions are established. The branch offices are in charge of the prefectural governors, the committees in towns and suburban districts are supervised by the mayor or executive officers and so on down to village and village head.

There are also local branches in Hokkaido, Saghalien, Formosa, Korea

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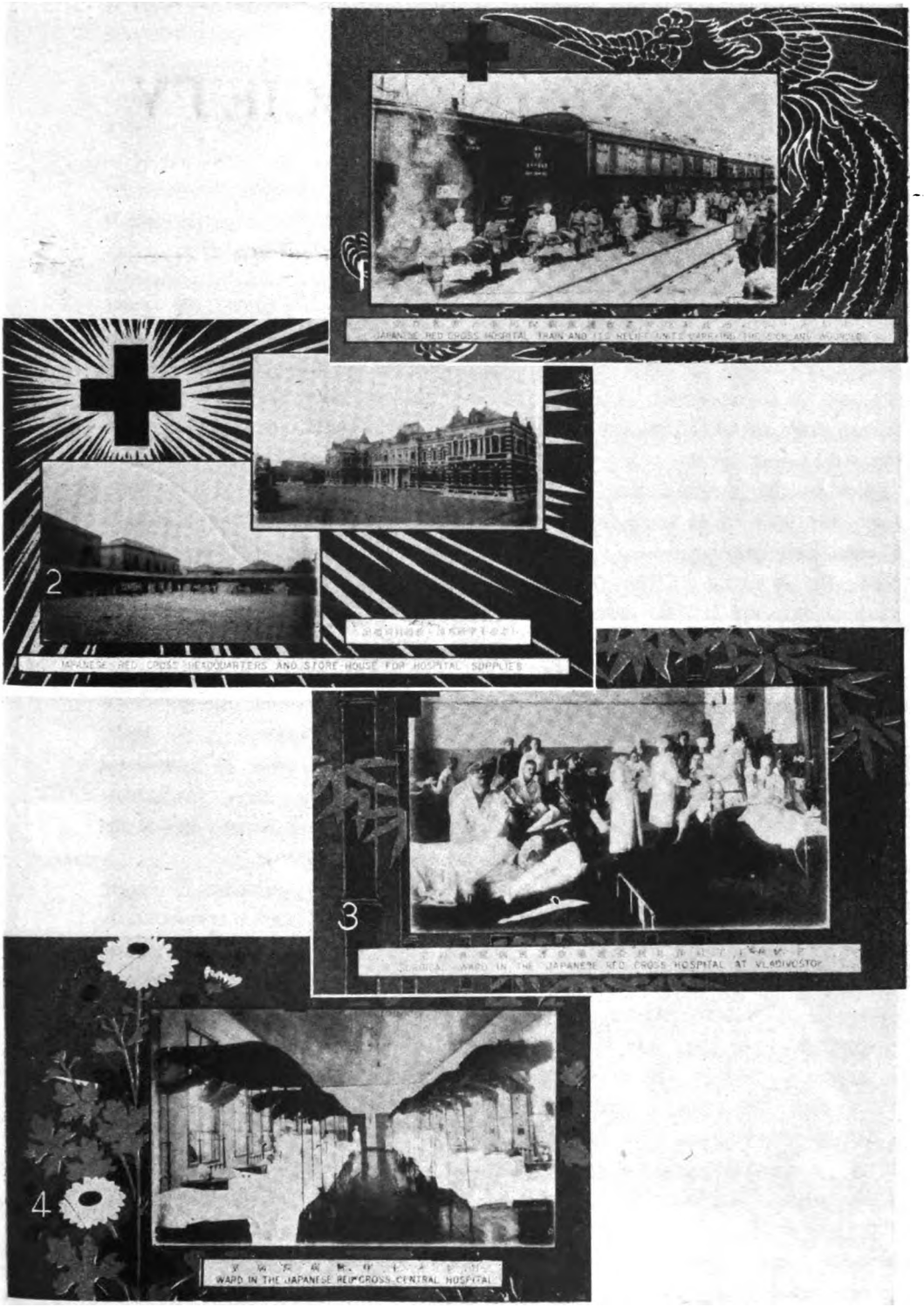
JAPANESE RED CROSS HOSPITAL TRAIN AND ITS NECESSARIES CARRYING THE SICK AND WOUNDED
2
JAPANESE RED CROSS HEADQUARTERS AND STORE-HOUSE FOR HOSPITAL SUPPLIES
3
SURGICAL WARD IN THE JAPANESE RED CROSS HOSPITAL AT VLADIVOSTOK
4
WARD IN THE JAPANESE RED CROSS CENTRAL HOSPITAL

Japan Red Cross Society

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Japanese Lady Tending a Miniature Garden

A New Year's Card Party

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(Chosen), Manchuria, etc,, supervised by the proper local authorities.

The Red Cross Society opened its training courses for nurses in 1890, the 23d year of Meiji, and has up to the present time graduated 6,696 nurses, with 875 now pursuing the required courses of study. The length of the course is three years, and the expenses are met by an appropriation from the Society's resources.

Headquarters is located in Tokyo, and the officers consist of a president and two vice-presidents chosen by Imperial order, and seven executive directors, elected by the permanent members of the Council.

Now we must summarize President Hirayama's speech given at the ordinary annual meeting held Dec. 10, 1920 (Tenth year of Taisho) dealing with future plans. He said in brief:

"Let me speak of the projected work of our Society for the coming year. As you all realize the recent war was unprecedented in the history of the world. As all the Red Cross Societies exerted themselves to the utmost, naturally great expansion was the result. Of course all the different Societies accomplish more or less work in peace time, but now there is a tendency to extend this peace time work far more than ever before. In the Peace Treaty there is a clause encouraging work of this nature, and to this end a League of Red Cross Societies has been formed. Our work up to this time has largely been confined to training nurses, as you all know. However, after a number of serious calamities, relief has been extended; for example, in 1888, on the occasion of a volcanic eruption of Mt. Bandai work was organized under the private supervision of Her Majesty the Empress. Later relief work was undertaken in the branch offices year after year. For prevention work in regard to tuberculosis, a subsidy has been granted by Headquarters and utilized by local societies; again a stationary relief post and a circulating relief corps have been organized, alarm boxes provided at police stations to meet the necessities for first-aid measures, and seashore summer sanitaria for weak children provided.

Of new enterprises we hope to take up the most pressing, such as the prevention and extirpation of tuberculosis and sanitation work for juveniles. As to the latter project, when we invited the branch leaders to meet at Headquarters, I brought up the matter of organizing a juvenile Red Cross Society, besides the other projects just mentioned. As the children will be the leaders in the next generation, their health is a matter of the utmost importance.

Among other needs, I may mention that we must make provision for the care of prospective mothers, a very necessary work, and also must educate adults to take an interest in and support the Red Cross. As most of our work is done by branch offices we must hold conferences and provide instruction for these, and as much as possible must grant the requests coming from them, so as to extend our work more and more.

Formerly the work done at Headquarters was chiefly the supervision of the Hospital there, but now it seems to me to be time to undertake some additional work, such as may serve as a model to the branch offices, if we can get additional workers to carry it on. For example, we might undertake some child-welfare work. There is a vacant

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lot within the Hospital grounds in our present location, and this might be used to provide a Maternity Home for women of the proletarian class, and in addition we might open a consultation office. Then a demand for midwives would certainly follow. So we ought to establish our own training school for midwives, as a side line. This must be done only upon receiving permission from the Department of the Imperial Household, of course. But it would seem a wise plan to utilize this vacant lot, thus saving the purchase price, and also benefit the physicians and nurses in our present hospital by the assistance the workers in the new institution would render them, morally and in other ways. A rough estimate of the amount needed is as follows: ¥190,000 for initial outlay, and ¥60,000 for maintenance expense. It is our hope to establish a day nursery, but not at once. We shall first build the maternity hospital and if there is a reserve, we will extend the work.

Our next great need is of an Exhibition Hall. Heretofore when visitors came to inspect our collections or we wished to instruct our members, we had to draw out the exhibits from a warehouse, at great loss of time and effectiveness. Now if we remove the bronze statue of Count Sano from our grounds to another spot there will be just room for a suitable exhibit hall on our own grounds. This will be a convenient and economical arrangement, as lectures can be given in the hall, as well as specimens exhibited.

The new League of Red Cross Societies has published the projects contemplated by them for the future. These may be enumerated as: (1) Nurses' training schools at General Headquarters of the League; (2) a Hygienic Laboratory; (3) a Museum. Now the latter project is similar to what we are urging here, so it is clear that it is timely.

As will be seen by a glance at the history of the Society, next year (1921) will be the 45th anniversary from our founding and the 35th since the change of name. We had intended to celebrate he 40th anniversary five years ago, but the Great War prevented us from doing so. Would it not be wise to celebrate the 45th anniversary next year by a special ceremony and the bestowal of marks of appreciation upon those who have been especially kind to us? And the proposed museum would constitute a peculiarly fitting memorial, would it not?

We would also suggest the revision of articles in our Constitution at the regular annual meeting and the adoption of nomenclature corresponding to that used in the Covenant of the League of Nations, Article 25, as well as in the Constitution of the League of Red Cross Societies.

Again, in taking our place in the L.R.C.S. we must post ourselves with regard to literature coming from abroad and also do our part in letting the world know what we are doing in Japan. Hitherto we have relied upon the *Hakuai* ("Red Cross Journal") for international information and as to domestic news, there has been a booklet in English called "The Red Cross in the Far East" distributed abroad once in two or three years, but this has not been entirely satisfactory. Hence we are planning to utilize *The Japan Magazine*, a periodical printed in English and issued monthly. As our financial system makes no provision for this plan, however, some revision of said system will be necessary.

Thereupon in regard to the financial

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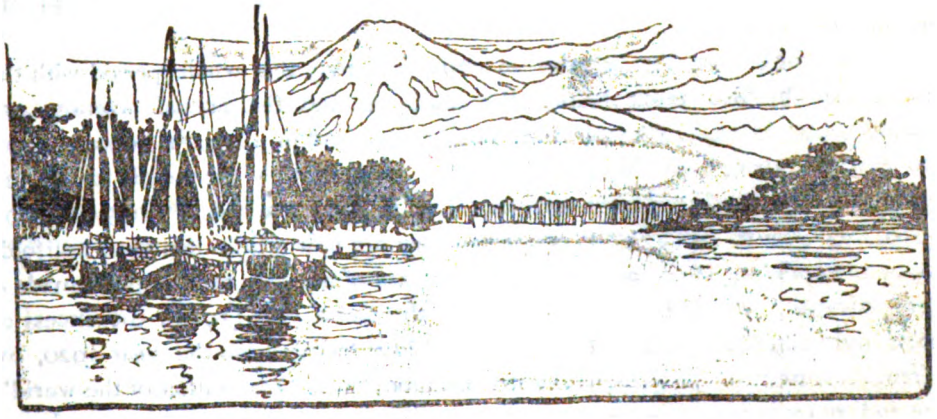
policy: the finances of our society are the interest of the foundation fund, the relief reserve fund, the standing reserve; and 9 per cent of the annual contributions are distributed among branch offices and only 1 per cent comes to the Headquarters; however, the finance must be managed with perfect security and since the interest of the foundation fund is the definite revenue, if we use it it will be extremely safe. If we undertake the policy to transfer the annual contributions into the relief reserve fund, we believe that it would be perfectly safe. In case of emergency, our Society should despatch a relief staff and assist the sanitary affairs of the Army and the Navy, but in such a case, except we follow the precedent that the relief reserve fund should be used and special contributions should be raised for the occasion, there is no other way at present.

As to new projects, we now inform you all, and we expect to seek your approval upon them when we concretely propose them with the estimation in the coming year; we therefore beg that all you gentlemen will bear this in your minds, if you please."



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A REVIEW OF THE FOREIGN TRADE OF JAPAN

THE resulting expansion in all industrial enterprises in Japan effected a complete transformation during the past six or seven years but in no direction was this influence greater than in that of foreign trade. Our enormous export trade finally brought our country into line with the gold-hoarding nations and enabled her to occupy a place in the world of commence. Now in describing this state of transition, we must note that the yearly average of exports during the five years before the war was about ¥500,000,000 and ¥550,000,000, imports. Thus the excess of imports over exports during that period was about ¥50,000,000. However, the favorable effect of the war on the situation caused a change and since the latter part of 1915, a notable increase in exports over imports occurred.

Since that time, during the four years 1915–1918 the excess of exports reached the enormous sum total of ¥1,417,000,000, with an yearly average of ¥354,000,000. Soon money flooded the country and a large amount of specie also was stored in foreign countries.

Now comparing the increase in exports during this whole period with the averages for the five years before the war, we find the annual average was ¥500,000,000; in 1915, it reached ¥708,000,000, and in 1919, ¥2,090,000,000. As to imports, these were ¥550,000,000 but in 1915 they increased to ¥532,000,000, but afterwards violently increased and in 1917 reached ¥1,035,000,000; in 1919, they rose to ¥2,173,000,000 while they are now a little less than fourfold. Now, as to conditions after the year 1919, increase of imports over exports made a striking advance. As to the foreign trade of the same year (1919), the excess of imports over exports reached ¥73,000,000. In entering upon the year 1920, by the frenzied activity of our financial circles at home and the restoration of the world's peace and moreover in connection with the specie accumulated abroad, our exchange tended toward a disadvantageous position which caused a violent increase in importation until December 1920, when the excess of imports over exports reached ¥370,000,000 as shown in the following table.

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Date	Exports	Imports	Excess of Imports over Exports
	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000
Average from 1904-1908...	¥ 375,042	¥ 441,881	Ex.-Imp. ¥ 66,839
„ 1909-1913...	375,683	544,183	„ 48,450
„ 1914	591,101	595,736	„ 4,634
„ 1915	708,307	532,450	Ex.-Exp. 175,857
„ 1916	1,127,468	756,428	„ 371,040
„ 1917	1,603,005	1,035,811	„ 576,194
„ 1918	1,962,101	1,668,144	„ 293,957
„ 1919	2,099,351	2,173,068	Ex.-Imp. 73,711
„ 1920 (11 months)	1,948,415	2,315,691	„ 387,276

(A). Fluctuation in Foreign Trade with a Forecast for the New Year

As stated in the previous paragraph, our foreign trade increased unusually in amount of exports until the year 1919, and even this compared with that of several years before, shows a great disparity, but the financial reaction and the inactivity of the world's financial circles caused a check upon both exporting and importing and this diminution came with alarming precipitancy. Though our foreign trade may recover more or less its customary poise in the foreign markets, and with the restoration of normal conditions, stable equilbrium of our domestic market, too, may be secured yet hereafter a greater or less excess of imports over exports is rather to be expected, while if the raw silk trade still continues in an inactive state this year, the amount of our export trade may even decrease more a larmingly than during last year. But imports will not reach such an enormous amount as in the first half of the year 1920. So if they also decrease then if we sum up the figures for the entire year, we may not see such an immense excess of imports over exports after all but we must not allow ourselves to become too optimistic. For reference, we will now show the amount of foreign trade in the respective months for both years 1919 and 1920 and how violently it fluctuated in the tabulation below:

Month	Exports		Imports		Excess of Exp. †		Excess of Imp. *	
	1919	1920	1919	1920	1919		1920	
	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000		omit ,000	
January...	¥117,861	¥176,348	¥138,677	¥204,768	*¥	20,815	*¥	28,420
February	125,620	174,287	170,543	270,642	*	44,923	*	66,355
March	133,705	193,571	166,918	329,028	*	36,213	*	135,457
April	142,188	217,457	208,004	296,833	*	65,816	*	79,375
May	156,887	193,363	186,008	295,950	*	29,121	*	102,678
June	151,158	183,811	176,220	220,184	*	25,963	*	36,373
July	181,289	154,318	144,567	157,134	†	36,722	*	2,816
August	196,223	175,061	194,677	123,198	†	1,546	†	51,863
September	172 661	154,355	196,620	117,600	*	23,959	*	36,755
October...	225,683	133,812	179,790	107,757	†	45,982	†	26,055
November	218,614	104,605	183,301	108,029	†	35,313	†	3,424
December	277,459	87,404	224,731	104,662	†	52,718	†	17,258

* Denotes excess of Exports over Imports. † Denotes excess of Imports over Exports.

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(B) Observations upon Classes of Goods Handled

Next, let us consider since the recent great war, what class of goods has made greatest progress. It is manufactured goods as exports which made most remarkable progress. In the year 1914, there was ¥168,000,000, and in the year 1919, it reached ¥901,000,000, and in the year 1920, during eleven months it rose to ¥915,000,000 which shows the record breaking increase of almost six times, and also half-manufactured articles from ¥306,000,000 rose to ¥906,000,000 which indicates nearly a threefold increase. Entering upon the year 1920, we find raw silk and other exports decreased so that the amount of the exports for 1920 fell to ¥656,000,000; and this compared with figures for the same time of the previous year shows a decrease of ¥116,000,000. As to raw materials, from ¥45,000,000 these reached ¥109,000,000. By November, 1920, they rose to ¥132,000,000. As to foodstuffs they rose from ¥63,000,000 to ¥149,000,000 both of them showing a twofold increase, but after the beginning of 1920, somewhat of a decrease is noted.

Next, we find imports differed from exports, since half-manufactured articles rose from ¥96,000,000 to ¥481,000,000 (during eleven months of 1920), which shows over a fivefold increase and is the first in importance followed by raw materials a fourfold increase from ¥328,000,000 to ¥1,234,000. As to the foodstuffs, they reached ¥351,000,000 from ¥78,000,000 in the year 1919, an increase of over four fold. This was due to the fact that rice was imported in large amounts owing to sudden advance in the price of native-grown rice. On entering upon the year 1920, foodstuffs abruptly decreased and fell to ¥201,000,000. Manufactured goods rose from ¥87,000,000 to ¥293,000,000 over threefold. From the general trend of our foreign trade we see that though imports of raw materials and half manufactured articles notably increased yet the exports of manufactured goods showed an enormous increase. This is indeed an encouraging feature. Now the outline of present conditions is shown in the tabulation of comparison below:

EXPORTS

Date	Foodstuffs	Raw Materials	Half-Mfd goods	Mfd goods	Miscellaneous
	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000
1914	¥ 63,525	¥ 45,492	¥306,360	¥167,890	¥ 7,837
1915	80,117	45,423	323,401	242,867	16,499
1916	104,556	59,014	540,936	380,723	42,251
1917	172,187	81,484	725,577	588,154	35,602
1918	210,762	101,822	757,263	853,823	39,030
1919	149,062	109,270	906,131	901,424	32,386
11 months in 1920	136,170	132,347	656,150	914,552	21,831
Increase and decrease compared with that of previous year	Inc. 1,529	Inc. 34,706	Dec. 118,041	Inc. 129,112	Dec. 8,205

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IMPORTS

Date	Food stuffs	Raw Materials	Half-Mfd goods	Mfd goods	Miscellaneous
	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000
1914	¥ 78,740	¥ 328,741	96,253	¥ 87,248	¥ 4,753
1915	38,141	339,836	98,377	51,473	4,623
1916	31,447	431, 04	201,561	85,001	6,514
1917	36,845	564,610	322,507	103,705	8,144
1918	715,507	855.146	457,643	169,359	10,482
1919	135,167	1,093,764	451,387	261,160	15,835
During 11 months in 1920	207,811	1,234,075	481,134	293,593	14,423

Thus as shown by the tabulation below, the principal exports were manufactured goods 49.2% and half manufactured 35.2% while the proportions of raw materials and foodstuffs decreased. Of imports the principal items are 55.6% raw materials and 21.5% half manufactured, while foodstuffs sometimes rose and sometimes declined and manufactured goods show a decline.

(C) The Condition of Principal Goods of Foreign Trade

Finally studying the figures for the principal goods of our foreign trade, up to November, 1920, raw silk ranks first among exports ¥373,000,000 and cotton fabric next ¥315,000,000, followed by silk goods ¥151,000,000, and cotton thread ¥145,000,000, with the remainder far below. ¥41,000,000 coal and ¥35,000,000, knitted goods are the leading items and below these in direct order, porcelain ware ¥30,000,000, refined sugar, lumber, matches, waste silk, glass ware, European style paper, plants of all sorts, toys (over ¥20,000,000). Again, comparing with the previous year same period, we find the items showing an increase are cotton fabrics ¥63,000,000 first, followed by cotton yarn ¥42,000,000, silk goods ¥23,000,000, and refined sugar ¥10,700,000. Besides these an increase of over five million yen is seen in porcelain ware, coal, lumber, plaits of all sorts and toys. Those showing the most remarkable are raw silk ¥149,000,000, followed by ¥19,500,000 copper, ¥5,100,000 iron of all sorts and the rest all show a decrease, within ¥5,000,000. If we contrast these with those seventeen principal classes of exports since the year 1916, the result is shown in the tabulation below:

Name	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920
	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000
Raw silk	¥280,910	¥355,155	¥370,337	¥623,619	¥382,717
Cotton fabrics	60,050	127.458	237,913	280,254	334,973
Silk textiles	45,601	52,142	117,454	162,422	158,416
Cotton yarn	77.592	108,139	158,300	114.551	153,447
Hosiery-knit goods	15,293	26,265	32,298	38,858	36,035
Coal	20,406	26,454	37,000	37.511	45,116
Matches	21,103	24,585	27,743	32,783	28,385
Beas of all sorts	16,140	33,631	55,881	31,913	10,630
Paper of all sorts	9,784	16,095	28,469	25,020	23,058
Lumber	8,448	14,785	17,805	23,820	29,032
Porcelain ware	12,040	14,473	19,958	22,527	31,399
Refined sugar	16,422	26,151	23,252	21,332	30,565
Waste silk	10.480	16,548	27,012	19,908	19,013
Straw plaiting for hats	16,318	18,171	11,996	19,899	21,966
Glass ware	10,397	14,460	19,958	19,787	23,216
Copper	66,119	87,495	37,749	19,617	5,137
Tea	16,082	21,756	23,056	18,363	17,099

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The principal goods imported are raw cotton ¥721,435,000 as a special case and iron of all sorts ¥222,389,000, rape cakes ¥150,327,000, wool ¥121,000,000, machinery ¥110,000,000, sugar ¥60,000,000, beans of all sorts ¥46,000,000 in direct order; and those of over ¥30,000,000 are woollen fabrics, lumber, cubic nitre, architectural lumber; those over ¥15,000,000 are rice, petroleum, paper, coal, hides of all sorts, raw materials for oil, (sulphuric-ammonia) coal tar, etc. In studying the fluctuation for the same period of the previous year, the amount of imported raw cotton was ¥110,000,000 regarded as a record breaking increase, while those showing an increase are the ¥65,000,000 of wool, the ¥41,000,000 of iron of all sorts, the ¥23,000,000 of rape cakes, the ¥17,000,000 of woollen fabrics, the ¥14,000,000 of machinery, the ¥13,000,000 of lumber, the ¥11,000,000 of cubic nitre, and others are mostly within ¥5,000,000 of rice, regarded as a special case, and the rest decreased are metallic ores, raw rubber, petroleum, paper of all sorts, flax, etc. but the decrease is within ¥4,000,000. If now we show a general view for the fluctuation of these principal items since the year 1916, it is as follows:

Name	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920
	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000	omit ,000
Raw cotton	¥276,089	¥330,976	¥515,559	¥667,050	¥721,435
Iron of all sorts	78,142	206,588	297,420	249,669	222,389
Rice	3,088	6,513	89, 56	160,325	18,063
Rape cake	37,546	55,968	92,255	133,077	150,327
Machinery	16,150	29,837	58,498	88,979	110,615
Wool	33,507	52,112	60,146	60,788	121,629
Sugar	12,978	11,6 7	33,525	58,439	60,072
Beans of all sorts	7,109	9,507	20,396	34,056	47,539
Petroleum	5,571	3,090	5,701	21,448	20,948
Metallic ore	16,161	17,066	21,758	20,902	——
Paper of all sorts	5,827	4,098	9,395	18,260	16,436
Coal	4,236	9,038	15,764	18,138	17,386
Raw Rubber	7,246	9,130	12,948	17,363	13,412
Flax	9,123	18,433	22,730	16,870	15,316
Hides of all sorts	2,788	5,841	11,890	15,455	19,352

THE VALUE IN THOUSANDS OF YEN OF THE IMPORT AND EXPORT TRADE WITH THE LEADING COUNTRIES FOR 1920

Countries	Imports from	Countries	Exports to
	1,000 Yen		1,000 Yen
The United States of America	¥873,177	The United States of America	¥565,019
India	394,930	China	410,268
England	232,216	British India	192,250
China	218,088	Kwantung	113,697
Kwantung	196,862	Dutch Indies	107,225
Cape Colony	73,895	England	97,797
Dutch Indies	78,628	Hongkong	74,055
Australia	62,460	France	71,654
Chile	24,678	Australia	58,112
French Indies	20,619	Straits Settlements	35,730

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IZANAGI AND IZANAMI IN THE "NOH" DANCE

By MARK KING

III

IN the beginning, the god Amenominakanushi-no-Mikoto is governing at the centre of the heavens. He was born at Takamagahara,—the Olympian Heights—the Heavens. The next gods Takamimusubi-no-Mikoto and Kammimusubi-no-Mikoto were born there. These three gods are called the "gods of creation." God Umashikabihikoji-no-Mikoto was born of such a thing as a bud of a reed on the earth which was young and floating as oil in the water; the next god Ametokotachi-no-Mikoto and then Kunitokotachi-no-Mikoto and Toyokunnu-no-Mikoto were born in that way also. The above seven gods are invisible and sexless. God Izanagi-no-Mikoto and goddess Izanami-no-Mikoto, were born as the fifth couple in a second series of gods.

Many lord gods consulted with each other, and a halberd called Ameno-Nuhoko decorated with jewels was granted to the God Izanagi-no-Mikoto and Goddess Izanami-no-Mikoto; and the lord gods gave them an order to consolidate the young and floating earth. The god and goddess obeyed the order: the gods stood on the bridge named "Ameno-Uki-Hashi"—the Floating Bridge of Heaven, and the gods brought down the halberd in the floating earth and ransacked it. An island named "Onokoro-Shima"—Okino-Shima in Kishu Province, was created from the congelation of the tide water dropping from the point of the halberd which the gods had withdrawn from the earth. The gods descended from heaven to Onokoro Island and planted a pillar there named "Ameno-Mibashira," the Heavenly Pillar, and built a magnificent palace named "Yahirodono," the eight fathoms palace. The god and the goddess engaged with each other to produce the lands. Then god Izanagi-no-Mikoto went round the pillar, the Amenomihashira, from the left; the goddess Izanami-no-Mikoto also went round the pillar from the right. It was as old Japanese custom for a couple to go round a pillar during the wedding ceremony. At the time the god and goddess met with each other after going round the pillar, the goddess first sang a love song to the god:—

O most beautiful! thou dearest Lord!

The god sang a song unto the goddess:—

O most beautiful! thou dearest Lady!

And then the god and goddess were united in marriage. These two love songs are called the first of the Japanese songs.

Thenceforth, the god and the goddess begat Hiruko—Baby Leech—who was crippled for three years from birth; the gods put the baby in a boat made of

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reeds and left it to float at the mercy of the waves. The Nishi-no-Miya Shrine in Settsu province is dedicated to the god Hiruko, who is, to use a common phrase, "Ebisu-no-Kami"—the god of wealth. Next the god and goddess bega Ahashima—Kami-Shima—God Island—one of the solitary islands of Tomoga-Shima; but the gods were not agreeable to this and it was counted for nothing by the sons of the god. The gods were disappointed and grieved over the sons who were not so good as they wanted them to be. They proceeded to the presence of the Heavenly God and they laid the matter before the sons. The Heavenly God said:—"The reason was the goddess first sang the love song to the god at the wedding ceremony." Then the gods descended upon the earth from the heaven; and went round the pillar of "Ameno-Mihashira" as before, and then the god first sang the love song unto the goddess:—

O most beautiful! thou dearest Lady!

And the goddess sang as follows:—

O most beautiful! thou dearest Lord!

And the gods carried out the wedding ceremony as it should be.

Soon after, the gods begat eight sons—eight islands—Awaji-Shima, Shikoku, Oki no-Shima, Tsukushi-no-Shima or Kyushu, Iki, Tsushima, Sado-ga-Shima, and Ohoyamato-Toyoakitsu-Shima or the main land. Altogether they are called "Ohoyashima-Kuni"—the putting together of the eight islands. Next the gods begat two islands:—Kibinoko-Shima, and Adzuki-Shima or Shodo-Shima near Sanuki province.

After the god Izanagi-no-Mikoto and the goddess Izanami-no-Mikoto had brought forth many islands, the god said to himself:—"Ah! the morning mist on the islands which we brought forth is full of a sweet odour!" And then, the god blew away the morning mist; it changed itself into the god of the wind named "Shinatsuhiko-no-Mikoto" to whom is dedicated the Tatsuta Shrine in Yamato province. The next god is the god of food named "Ukanomitama-no-Mikoto," who was born when the father god was starving. The god of food is the central god of the three gods of "Inari-no-Kami," the god of harvests. Next the gods begat four gods:—the sea-god named "Watatsumi-no-Mikoto," the god of mountains named "Ohoyamazumi-no-Mikoto," the god of trees named "Kukunochi," and the goddess of grass named "Kaya-no-Hime"—they brought forth all things.

The god Izanagi-no-Mikoto and the goddess Izanami-no-Mikoto consulted with each other and said:—"We already begat Ohoyashima-Guni, mountains, rivers, plants and trees. We have yet the lord under the Heaven between us." Soon after, the gods begat the sun-goddess named "Ohohirume-muchi" or "Amaterasu-Ohomikami," who was dazzling and shone brightly all around the heaven and the earth. The gods were delighted and said:—"We have many children, but we have none who is such a wonderful mystery as our sun-goddess. She must not stay on earth for very long; we must send her up to heaven as soon as possible."

Thus the sun-goddess ascended to Heaven and governed the Takama-ga-hara—the Heavens. Next the moon-god named "Tsukiyomi-no-Mikoto" was born, who shone bright and beautiful as the sun-goddess had shone bright and dazzling. The parental gods sent the moon-god up to Heaven to govern it, and to take the second place to the sun-god-

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dess. Next the god named "Susanow-no-Mikoto" was born. He was brave and violent-tempered; and he often became excited and cried in wild terror and forced down his beard on his breast when he became angry. Then all the water in the world changed to his tears and dried up; the green mountains became withered and died; the sea and rivers were parched and dried; many people were cut off in their youth. The parental gods said to him:—"Thou art very wicked and ruthless, and the gods disown thee. Thou art not a good sovereign on the earth; thou hadst better go far away to 'Nenokuni' abroad."

The goddess Izanami-no-Mikoto then gave birth to the fire-god named "Kagutsuchi-no-Mikoto;" but unfortunately at the time the fire-god was born, the goddess was burnt to death by the flame god. The god Izanagi-no-Mikoto moaned and bewailed, and he leaned on the goddess's bed and lay on the side close to the goddess's feet, but it was vain. Then the god flew into a rage, drew a sword and killed his son, the fire-god; the blood of the fire-god splashed on the rocks, and the blood changed into many gods. The god named "Takemikadzuchi-no-Kami" was born from the blood which dropped from the foot of the sword-guard. The Kashima Shrine in Hitachi Province is dedicated to the God "Takemikadzuchi-no-Kami" who is the god of war like Mars. The god named "Kuraokami-no-Kami" was born from the blood which dropped from the space between the god's fingers as he clutched the hilt of the sword; he is described as a dragon.

The god Izanagi-no-Mikoto could not desist from his lamentations and he revered all of the memories of the goddess; he went to Yomi-no-Kuni, Hades, to seek out the late goddess's abode, and met her there; and he soothed her by saying "O my beautiful lady Mikoto! The country which we created is not yet brought to completion for the foundation of the state. I pray that thou wilt come back to the country again." But the goddess answered:—"How vexatious! my dear husband Mikoto! My whole body has been polluted by eating the food in Yomi-no-Kuni. Why didst thou not call me sooner? But I feel reverence for thine asking, and I will consult with the god of Yomi, and I will come back. Thou must not look upon me now." And then the goddess stepped into her room, leaving the god alone. After the latter had waited impatiently for the goddess's answer, he cut off one of the wide teeth of the comb in his hair and entered her room, lighting a fire with a torch, and thus beheld the goddess. Alas! maggots had hatched in her body and pus was running from the sores. The eight thunderers, like Jupiter, were born beside her. The god was surprised to see it and ran away. The goddess said to him:—"Thou hast brought shame on me by looking upon my ugly body. What folly!" She was in a fury and gave an order to the ferocious eight demonesses named "Yomotsushikome," gorgons in Hades, to hoot the god out, to revenge herself on the offender. The god drew a sword and ran away beating the air with his sword, and escaped by turning back. On his way, he threw the wig which adorned his head to the demonesses and it changed to grapes. He ran away from them while the gorgons were eating the grapes. They ran after the god again after they

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had eaten the fruit. Then he threw the comb from his hair to them; it changed to a bamboo sprout. The gorgons ate it up and pursued the god again. Then the goddess once more commanded the eight thunderers to pursue the god at the head of 1,500 soldiers of the Hades army. The army pursued the god to the hill named "Yomotsu-Hirasaka," the flat hill of Hades; he took up three ripened peaches at the foot of the hill, and threw them up to his pursuers. At last all of them dispersed. After this, the goddess herself started in pursuit of the god; the god defended himself in the path on the hill, Yomotsu-Hirasaka, with a huge rock, and turned to confront her across the pathway, and declared he would divorce her. The goddess answered:—"O my beautiful Lord, Mikoto! If thou shalt divorce me, I will strangle one thousand persons of your country to death in a day." The god said:—"O my beautiful Lady, Mikoto! If thou shalt do such a thing I will build 1,500 lying-in rooms in a day." So 1,000 persons lost their lives in a day, and 1,500 babies were born in a day. The rock of defence in the path on the hill, named "Sariyamadzu-yomido-no-Ohkami," is the god who defended himself at the gate of Hades; the shrine by the wayside is dedicated to the god named "Sahe-no-Kami" described as the god "Sariyamadzu-yomido-no-Ohkami." The god Izanagi-no-Mikoto returned to the country from Yomi-no-Kuni, Hades, and said:—"I went to the polluted country, and I should like to purge my body of impurities." He went to Awa-no-to, Naruto of Awa Province, and saw the raging billows of the sea. Then he removed to Hayasuhinada, Sagaseki in Buzen Province, and saw the tides quickly ebbing and flowing. At last he went to Ahagihara of Tachibana-no-Odo in Tsukushi province, and considered that place suitable for the purging of his body. He divested himself of his coat and said:—"The upper current is strong, and the lower is weak." He went down to the middle current, and purged his body with water. The god Magatsuhi-no-Kami was born from the dirty water which the god washed off with the dirt from his body. This god is called the god of misfortune. They say many injuries in the world come from the riotous behavior of this god. The next god named Nahobi-no-Kami was born from the god's prayer to get over one's misfortune. It is said that a crooked nature, bad habits, and ill temper may be cured by this god. Izanagi-no-Mikoto sunk to the bottom of the sea, and floated in the waves between the bottom and the surface. When he rose to the surface of the sea, three gods were born:—Sokodzutsu-no ono-Mikoto, Nakadzutsu-no ono-Mikoto, and Uhadzutsu-no-ono-Mikoto. The Sumiyoshi Shrine in Settsu province is dedicated to these three gods. (Finis.)

[This mythology is quoted in the "Sakahoko," the "Awaji," the "Kokaji" and the "Kanawa" of the "Noh" dance.]

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STRANGE CHANCES

Translated by T. Wakameda from the Japanese of BAKIN

Chapter II.

Shows how the Ghost of Ippachi deceives Toroku.

AT daybreak, when the first streaks of sunlight had tinged the top of Higashi-yama and when the crows began to turn out of their nests, Akebono was missed at the house of Yamadori. Many servants were despatched in different directions in search of her. Several of them, who had hurried down along the Kamo-gawa and found themselves near the river-bank whence Ippachi had thrown himself into the water espied Akebono's upper garment hanging on a willow-tree. Astounded and dismayed, they said the woman was already drowned in the stream and that she must have jumped into it with Ippachi who had loved her with all his heart. One of the searchers hastened back to the house of Yamadori and recounted what had passed, while the rest employed some good swimmers and conjointly did their best to search for the drowned bodies. After some time the corpse of Ippachi was found, five or six *cho* down the river, but that of Akebono of course was not found. The river being a rapid one, they said her body must have been carried down to Yawata or Uji, and they ceased searching for it.

Ippachi's remains were respectfully interred in the Toribe-yama cemetery through the good offices of the host of the inn where he had been in the habit of putting up. In due time the news of Ippachi's death reached his relatives in Kanto. At this Totosaku, his younger brother, came up to Kyoto, made shift to pay his debt to the landlord, thanked him for his kindness to his deceased brother, and returned home with the ashes. As for the upper robe which Akebono had left hanging on the willow-tree, it was sent by the house of Yamadori to her native place of Kambara in Echigo, where her elder brother Jubei sadly received it as a last memento of her.

Now we must return to Akebono. She whose life had been saved by Ishizuka Toroku went down to Ano-no-tsu with him. There she settled down and dwelt with him, having no one else to depend upon. Nor did she return to her brother Jubei, in Echigo, for she was too much ashamed of her past conduct. As Toroku was handsome and always kind to her, Akebono came to love him. Before long they became man and wife. On the night of the seventeenth of the ninth month in the ensuing year, which was the first anniversary of Ippachi's death, she gave birth to twin girls. The

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parents were too much overjoyed to notice this singular coincidence. People say the first born of twin children is the younger. In defiance of this common saying, Toroku made the first-born the elder sister and named her Ogusa, and the younger one Toiko. Both father and mother loved them dearly as if they were the sweetest blossoms in the world. A man is said to be the happiest of any time in his life when he first obtains a wife and again when his wife first presents him with a child. Now Toroku had unexpectedly got a beautiful wife, aud two pretty girls almost at once; so that he had a bright future before him and did not so much take his poverty to heart.

In the meantime many good disciples had come to him to learn fencing, and some of them assisted him so generously that his circumstances became pretty easy. Thus he lived more happily with his family than when he had been single and childless. Time runs swiftly on. Ogusa and Toiko were now six years old; they were as pretty as girls could be.

Soon the children's sixth birthday came. In order to celebrate the occasion, Toroku held a feast, and invited his disciples and neighbors. All the guests, after enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, returned gaily to their respective homes in the evening. Then the lights were lit and the children went to bed. Toroku resumed his drinking, talking with his dear Akebono. After a considerable length of time the woman, happening to gaze at the pond in the garden where the moon was reflected, heaved a deep sigh.

"What makes you so sad, my dear?" asked the husband, with a look of uneasiness. "On such an occasion as this you ought to be glad."

"The sight of the water running in the garden," answered the other in earnest, "has reminded me of one thing. Having given up the one who was drowned in the Kamo-gawa, I eloped with you. To day is the seventh anniversary of his death; and if there is any kinsman of his alive on earth, he will have a mass read for the soul of the departed. 'Tis not fitting to hold such an entertainment with you."

At these words Toroku remained speechless for a while, but are long he burst out laughing and, tapping his knee said,

"You seem to be in the right, but 'tis a foolish lament. For Ippachi was not your husband, nothing but a profligate. You need not lament his death, nor is it necessary for you to say a mass for his soul. The ear of the world is at the wall. If any one knows our secret, we shall be done for; even our little ones may hear you. Pour out more wine; let us forget the past."

He had scarcely finished these words when a gust of wind suddenly extinguished all the lights. Involuntarily he let his wine-cup drop.

An inexplicable sense of dread crept over him and his wife. Pleasure is always attended with sorrow. Toroku said he was sleepy, and went to bed in a state of inebriation.

About tea days elapsed. The autumn was passing away. Fatigued with his fencing lessons all day, Toroku slept soundly at night. But one night he had a nightmare, from which he awoke and found his wife not in her bed. Then he heard a man and a woman whispering in the adjoining room. He wondered, and raising up his head, tried to listen; but

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an irresistible sort of drowsiness caught him, and he fell into a deep sleep. The same thing was repeated five or six nights running. At last a good plan occurred to him.

One evening Toroku said to his wife, "To-night I am going with some pupils to see some pantomimic dances. My return may be late; so you must lock all the doors fast." He changed his clothes, and left his house with a lighted lantern in his hand. When he had gone two or three *cho*, he put out the light, came back near to his dwelling, and concealed himself behind the hedge. He patiently remained there until about midnight. The bright moon was already up. A man was seen coming this way. Toroku gazed at him in breathless expectation. The man looked round him, and seeing no one near, stealthily advanced to the entrance of Toroku's house and seemed to listen for something. At this moment Toroku hurried out from behind the hedge and ran towards the stranger. Whereupou the man took to his heels as swiftly as a flying bird. Toroku ran after him, but he was soon lost in the dark. Assuming an air of composure, Toroku again stood before his house and knocked at the entrance door. Giving an answer from inside, his wife came with a lighted candle and opened the door.

"How late you are!" said Akebono; "later than I expected. You must be very cold—warm yourself and go to bed, will you not?"

She went to the fireplace, stirred the fire, and put some more charcoal on it. She seemed as kind and faithful as ever. Suppressing his wrath, Toroku went to bed. The next morning, when breakfast was over, he gravely said to his wife, "Years ago I commiserated you and rescued you from a miserable condition. And having brought you here, I have done my utmost to make you happy; but you forget my kindness and disgrace me. You certainly understand what I mean. You shall be divorced this instant and leave this house. As for our two girls, I will keep Ogusa to myself, aud you shall take Toiko with you. I would rather keep them both, but it is not easy for a man to bring up two girls. I have nothing to give to a woman whom I am going to divorce. But as Toiko is also going away with you, I will give this to her."

Saying these latter words, Toroku produced three *ryo* in gold, which he put on the document of divorce. And he stared at Akebono, with an angry look, and his elbows squared. The woman was so much astonished, that she was silent for a while, with tears in her eyes.

"I do not understand you," said she, raising her head sadly. "If there is any fault in my conduct, mention it; and I will beg pardon and correct it. I cannot part our two children from each other, how can I? If you love another woman she shall be your wife. I will be content with being merely a nurse to our children, and working in the kitchen. I have an elder brother in my native place, but never having written to him these seven or eight years, I shall not be able to return home to Echigo. You know too well that I have no other place to go to, and yet you speak thus. I would rather be killed by you than wander as a beggar with Toiko."

Then Akebono, shedding more tears, clung to her husband's knees; but he pushed her aside by the shoulder. At this sight the little girls cried out in

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affright. Taking no notice of this Toroku said with a contemptuous laugh, "You cunning fox! you have before inveigled many men; but you can't entice me. If you persist in staying here, I will leave this house along with Ogusa."

"I don't understand the reason why I am divorced," said the woman, wiping away her tears. "But if you leave me and Toiko here, what comfort will it be to me to stay alone and loveless? It would have been better for me to have jumped into the Kamo-gawa. Now I curse you for having saved me. But for my two dear children, I would die on the spot. (Turning to Ogusa) I am now going away with Toiko to a far-off province to burn moxa, or your father will scold me very much. Stay with papa obediently, and be a good child, Ogusa."

Thereupon Ogusa, with a nod, said, "Don't scold mamma so much, papa. Don't send her to a far away place."

At these words Toiko, turning to her father, said tearfully, "I shall be glad to go on a picnic with mamma. But I don't like to go with mamma if she goes to burn moxa. Don't tell mamma to go away, but let us all stay here. Then I will give you my best doll, papa."

On hearing these tender words, the mother broke out into a sob. The father, though stricken with paternal love, pressed down the emotion and said, "You are innocent, Toiko. But 'tis your fate to go away with your bad mother. Don't think me unkind, my pet."

Determined, though reluctantly, to go away, Akebono opened an amulet-sack which she kept with great care, and took a seal-case out of it. "Look here, dear ones," said she; "this is a triple seal-case which I have kept since I left my native place. The first part of it I will give you, Ogusa. The second part I will keep myself, and Toiko shall have the third part. If we chance to meet with one another, these tokens will bespeak what we are. But I fear such an opportunity will never come."

Fresh tears stood in her eyes again. She deposited the first and third parts of the seal-case respectively into the amulet-sacks which the little ones wore at their belts. Now the time of parting came. Some tears were visible even in Toroku's eyes. Akebono and Toiko left the house for good. All this was the doing of Ippachi's ghost, and it was the first curse that fell upon these ill-omened ones.

TAMADARE WATERFALL

The Hayakawa's waters make a murmuring sound—
In summer dreams and reveries I hear it still.

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IMPRESSIONS OF OUR EUROPEAN TRIP

By MRS. K. ONOZUKA

[The writer of this article is the wife of Dr. K. Onozuka of the Tokyo Imperial University, whose notes on the League of Nations recently appeared in this Magazine. Her father is Viscount Ishiguro, Privy Councillor, and so long head of the Japan Red Cross Society. Both Dr. and Mrs. Onozuka are friends and neighbors of Dr. and Mrs. Nitobe, whom they met in London during this trip]

LEAVING Japan by the *Suwa Maru* for the United States Aug. 21, 1918, my husband and I reached Seattle, Washington, on Sept. 3rd. Tarrying but a short time *en route* in the cities of Chicago, New York and Washington, D.C., we embarked Sept. 21st on the White Star liner *Adriatic* and reached Cherbourg, France, the 29th of the same month.

Traveling all one long day over the plain of Normandy, I had my first view of European scenery. This section is noted for its fine cheese and we enjoyed watching the herds of cattle and horses grazing in the pastures, the Norman horses waving their long, brushlike tails about, the well-fed cattle lazily dozing in the noonday sun. Here we saw a boy of about twelve years of age dressed in coarse, soiled overalls dropping red apples into the checked apron of an old-fashioned, motherly-looking woman. The views changed rapidly. At evening time we looked out with pleasure upon the tranquil autumn scene, glorified by the sunset glow. Yonder was a country church and a windmill with its four wings in the shape of a rude cross slowly turning.

On November 3rd, the day on which we formerly celebrated the Meiji Emperor's birthday, in Japan, with military exercises and rejoicing, we started for Switzerland. But alas! a frightful collision occurred between our train and one bound for Austria that very night. Twenty passengers were killed and eighty injured. We ourselves were fortunate enough to escape without any injury at all, except the trifling inconvenience of being unable to obtain food the next day. The dining car was out of commission and no food was to be had at way stations. All that long wearisome day we were saved from starvation only by the chocolate candy which Dr. Iguchi gave us as we were starting out and which curiously enough was labeled "Happy day."

When at nightfall we reached Geneva, Switzerland, how restful it was to find ourselves settled in the Hôtel Beau Rivage. This pleasant, comfortable hostelry abutted on a clear lake, and we could amuse ourselves watching the swans aud the white sails of the pleasure boats on the water as we rested from our journey.

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The next day we took a trip to Montreux and visited the Château de Chillon. In the background were mountains covered with a brocade of autumn foliage, while the setting sun was clearly reflected in the crystal lake. In one corner stood a quaint, moss-grown, ancient stone castle, thickly covered with crimson ivy, which gave special charm to the rich landscape. Strange to say, the donjon struck us as having not an entirely unfamiliar look, far removed though it was in time and space from the fastnesses of feudal Japan. Of course we observed with interest the signatures of Byron, Hugo, Dumas and others crudely cut on a stone pillar deep within the gloomy donjon, and imagined ourselves surrounded by the shades of long-haired poets. Yes, even we, who make no pretense to literary taste, were quite fascinated by our historic fancies, dreaming of the times when this castle was built and the uses to which the solid square stone donjon with its underground prison was put during the many centuries the castle had stood upon this rock, amid these stern surroundings. But while lost in reverie, night was descending. On looking out from the round peepholes in the solid masonry, we perceived that the moon was shining on the lake, and a light mist was enveloping the whole region. So we bade a reluctant farewell to the romantic spot and started homeward.

What a change when we entered the hotel dining salon! How captivating the gay music by the orchestra, the soft artistic interior decorations in blue and white, especially the snow scenes on the walls where a panorama of happy youths and maidens seemed actually in motion, skiing down the mountains to the rhythm of the music!

On the next day we went to Lausanne. We took a rustic horse car and enjoyed the tinted foliage as we slowly proceeded toward our destination. The view of the Jungfrau first burst upon our sight from this point. Covered with perpetual snow it was glorious indeed! On our return journey we passed a herd of home-coming cows with a musical bell attached to the neck of each by a red cord.

When we returned to Paris, we passed through Berne. After remaining in the French capital for a few days my husband was urged by Dr. Adachi, Minister to Belgium, to attend the Union Meeting to be held in Brussels in preparation for the coming assembly of the League of Nations, and decided to do so. As I accompanied him I thus had an opportunity to visit the noted Law Court and museums of Brussels. The Congo Exhibition turned my thoughts to Africa. In a few days we returned once more to Paris. Here we visited the theatre and Grand Opera, enjoying "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Faust," and "Thais." and also visiting the Comédie Francaise. All were supremely excellent from the artistic and scientific points of view and the drapery in Grand Opera was especially gorgeous, excelling all other representations of this nature.

About the middle of December, in spite of the severe cold, we decided to take a trip to Verdun, and inspect that noted battlefield, urged thereto by Lieut.-Col. Kobayashi, from our own province in Japan. Starting by the 10 a.m. train we reached Verdun at 8 p.m. "No 'red caps' to shoulder our luggage here," we thought, longing for the obliging porters of our own land, but fortunately an old man perhaps seventy years of age and somewhat loquacious by reason of too much wine

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was found to transport our bags to the hotel where we were to spend the night. He had lost his only son in the war and had come to the station to receive the late soldier's ashes, we were told. Being left without any means of support he was glad to earn a penny by odd jobs when the chance offered. The old man sighed as he told us his story and said, "Wonderful! even a Japanese lady from far away has come to Verdun to see this pitiful, blood-stained battle-ground! Why is it the French aristocrats are so careless of what the lower classes are suffering?" Then, forgetting his indignation, he began to dance about and to sing a popular song, while we could not choose but listen to his pathetic tale. Moved by the lonely scene and the pitiful condition of the old man, I gathered up a few francs from our purses and gave them to him. This excited him so that he began to dance again and to take another draught from his wine bottle before leaving us.

Our hotel was managed by an amiable landlady who courteously provided for us the best rooms she had, but there were neither fires nor electric lights nor hot water, and the cold wind pierced through the crevices of the rickety building as we passed to our rooms on stairways guiltless of a railing. Creeping into our chilly beds by the light of a candle we tried to forget our woes in sleep. But the next morning things were worse rather than better, with rain, snow and a bitter wind which seemed to freeze the very marrow of our bones; and with the mercury at zero, viewing a frozen, slippery, deserted battleground with unexploded shells here and there was far from an exhilarating occupation. However we fastened our gaiters tightly and sallied forth. Shuddering at the thought of the unexploded shells, we stumbled along for three miles until we reached the very heart of the battle scene. Verdun, once a famous city, is now only a barren plain! Alas! the pity of it! Upon this hill many brave French soldiers, while standing at their guns, were mercilessly engulfed in a living tomb. Here is their monument—the butt ends of their guns, a foot high. Lieut.-Col. Kobayashi, who accompanied us, told us the story of this siege, the tears falling upon his moustache as he spoke. He himself had been serving at the time in the military headquarters here and he was overcome by the recollection of the 800,000 brave men on both sides who had perished in the fight. For a long moment we all remained silent when a sudden explosion at the centre of the hill in our rear caused a commotion. Picking up some mementos from the ground we speedily turned our steps toward home. On the way orphans met us selling souvenirs made of exploded shells; we bought a few and then bade farewell to this profoundly impressive scene.

That night I slept in a warm soft bed in a Paris hotel and yet all night I was living over again this vivid experience—the voice of the old peasant, the ends of the rifles sticking up above that great mound of earth—all my dreams were of the Verdun siege—how frightful it was!

On Dec. 23rd we gave up hotel life in Paris and established ourselves in London. In order to enjoy a suburban environment we secured lodgings with the Misses Fuchs on Parliament Hill near Hampstead Heath, through the efforts of a friend. The two elderly ladies were about sixty years of age with silvery hair and gentle ways. The elder occupied

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the position of hostess, receiving and entertaining guests, assigning rooms, keeping the accounts, looking after the dining room, ordering the supplies, etc. The younger sister attended to sweeping, cleaning and cooking. Both seemed contented, each with her particular task and worked cheerfully and energetically. We highly appreciated their labor. Our two rooms were each about the size of ten mats and were rather dark and gloomy. The dining room however, nearly twice as large, was a beautiful room and always cheerful. The house was very solidly built, and the sideboard and fire-screens appeared to be family heirlooms of superior quality.

On our breakfast table we found toast, coffee and milk, orange marmalade, walnut butter and saccharine (as substitutes for butter and sugar after the war), bread placed in the loaf on a round bread table with a Sheffield bread knife beside it. Around the margin of this table the words "our bread" were cut in the wood. In addition porridge was served, alternating with ham and eggs, usually with fruit besides.

As I was the only one at home for luncheon, I preferred something simple, as sardines, sliced tomatoes, potatoes, bread, etc. For dinner roast chicken, roast beef, and grilled fish, with cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes, pie, carrots, or leeks, etc. were served in rotation.

Those of us who had passed through France before coming to England felt that the English cooking left something to be desired, and also that the hot water furnished us in our rooms and supplied to the bathroom was entirely insufficient. The toilet arrangements were old-fashioned and not sanitary and the bathwater lukewarm. These were our chief criticisms.

On fine days we often went out to Hampstead Heath, a park near our lodging place, and enjoyed the beautiful English turf stretching as far as eye could see. The great boles of trees with many green twigs adorning them and the view of the trees leaning over the clear sheet of water in the park, were lovely sights. Along the margin of the sapphire colored lake a row of poplars stood up like brooms, tender leaves shooting out from their sides, and often fine stallions came down there to drink.

Now, although the features were quite different, something in this tranquil landscape carried us back to our home country, and we saw in fancy the willow trees of Tokyo and the cherry blossoms in April, budding and unfolding, and softly waving in the breeze, and the wings of the swallows flying past glossy with the spring rain.

The house of the Misses Fuchs, a five story and basement building, contained fifteen rooms. The boarders were Asst. Professor Kikugawa, M.E., of Kyoto and Asst. Professor Dr. Kimura of Tokyo Imperial University, with two foreign ladies and two foreign gentlemen, besides our two selves. The landladies and all the inmates were very friendly and simple in their relations with us.

One charming recollection is of the exquisite reflection from the raindrops of the previous night glistening on the ivy covering our wall when the morning snn shone into our rooms; another is of the pinkish buds on the almond bushes in the garden, with sometimes a nightingale's liquid note giving us a fit of genuine homesickness.

Our next move was made January 13th when we left our suburban lodgings and went into town, locating ourselves at

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Stone Square, King's Road, in the heart of London. Our hostess was the widow of a British naval officer, a Mrs. Winter. This place was very central and convenient. It is near Hyde Park, Battersea Park, and Kensington Gardens, so we found many delightful walks in the vicinity. Sometimes in Kensington Gardens we watched the seagulls flying in hundreds through the misty air while children looking like dolls in Scotch plaids from head to toe, sailed toy boats on the water. Careful mothers reading on the benches and nurse maids knitting faithfully guarded them from the slightest danger.

One day we sat for an hour on the green bench at a certain corner of Hyde Park as advised by Madame Chinda our Ambassador's wife, and watched the amusing scene. First came along an old gentleman with silver hair and whiskers, with a big pipe in his teeth and a heavy cane in his hand; next a fashionably dressed young lady in a short skirt and delicate thin stockings, displaying her pretty ankles to advantage, led a bulldog by a fine silver chain as she minced along; next came a lady smartly dressed in equestrian costume and block hat; then two lads of 13 or 14 years, wearing black bowler hats, jackets and red neckties, their arms thrown affectionately over each other's shoulders, and keeping step like little gentlemen who amused us greatly; and finally an invalid in a basket perambulator drawn by an old family servant in a coat of ancient cut. The old lady was well wrapped up in camel-hair blankets and only her contented looking face appeared from underneath a bonnet trimmed in black, flowered ornaments of a past age. We were glad to think about how kind the friend or daughter must be who had sent her out so comfortably to enjoy the fresh air, flowers, and the gaily dressed throng. We quite envied her, indeed!

One day we accepted an invitation to tea at the home of the Countess of Jersey. It was a pleasant social gathering of elderly ladies, all of whom were most cordial, seeming to be interested solely in giving a happy afternoon to guests from a distant land. One lady of note was the Duchess of Albany who was especially kind to me, asking me many questions about Japan, and we considered it a great honor when she graciously presented us with her autograph and the assurance of her friendship.

Of course we did not omit to visit Westminster Abbey, but we were a little late, and the beautiful Sunday morning prayer and musical service was almost finished when we arrived. How absolutely still the interior of the great cathedral was, and how magnificent! The Christ pictured in the lofty stained-glass windows seemed to us actually descending from heaven; as we quietly gazed upon the hushed scene, we felt ourselves for the time transported to a purer world.

February 24, 1920. London enveloped in a dense yellow fog when lights are needed even in the daytime. There was no escape from it nor pleasure to be had in the city so we betook ourselves to Scotland. Passing through Yorkshire, Newcastle, etc., we reached Edinborough and established ourselves temporarily with Miss Scott Moncliffe at George's Square.

Miss Moncliffe and her nephew welcomed us cordially. Our rooms were clean and suitable. The beds were warm and comfortable with Scotch blankets furnished unstintedly. Thanks to our

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thoughtful landlady we slept well and on being awakened by the breakfast bell, dressed hastily and went downstairs, where we found a warm dining room and a table on which were laid scones, oat-cake, herrings, home-made marmalade, toast, fruit and coffee. Being already instructed, we had supplied ourselves with butter and sugar. From her place at the centre of the board Miss Moncliffe served the guests as each requested. After grace, all took up their spoons and proceeded to eat and talk.

We were at once asked how long we could stay. And when my husband replied, "Five days," we were told that an itinerary had been arranged for us so that we might see the attractions of the city as systematically as possible. Now when we have guests in Tokyo we do not dream of arranging a daily schedule for them so we were much impressed by one landlady's foresight and took her program into sympathetic consideration. In accordance with her thoughtful suggestions we visited Edinborough Castle, Holyrood Palace, the ice skating rink, the law courts, University, etc. Chiefly attracting our attention were the Scottish soldiers dressed in the distinctive uniform of the Kelts. On the last day we both went over to the famous bridge of Forth, quite a long distance from the city, and ordered a simple luncheon at the Forth Hotel, a noted inn mentioned in one of Scott's novels, as Miss Moncliffe reminded us.

On the first of March we were obliged to leave this pleasant region so full of historic and romantic interest and return to the smoky grimy metropolis, which was after all a very convenient central location in many ways.

As we returned to our former lodgings I may mention here that the family consisted of Mrs. Winter, her daughter Barbara, her elderly relative Mr. Morrissey and two maid-servants. There were no other lodgers—just ourselves. Hence each room received great care, especially the large saloon, which was embellished with bric-a-brac and curios collected by Mrs. Winter's late husband, a naval officer. These were well arranged on the marble mantel above the large fireplace in the center of the room while on the mahogany tables and cabinets and piano historic figurines of Dresden ware were disposed. Our rooms were cheerful and flooded with sunshine. Our hostess being a very particular housekeeper everything was always clean and dainty. Our sheets were changed with great regularity. The satiny silk coverlets stuffed with feathers, and the Irish linen spreads with small shamrock leaves and large roses decorating the glossy white surface were of superior quality, while our chamber set was of delicate French porcelain. I assure you we used the latter with the greatest care, but we often sighed and wished we could exchange this dainty china for the hot water and convenient lavatories of America, France, and our own country. Toilet and bath and daily fare were almost the same as we had at Hampstead Heath. The charge was everywhere reasonable for the accommodations which we had.

The aged Mr. Morrissey had been sent to Japan in his youth as a naval officer and knew something of Osaka, Tokyo, Yokohama and Yokosuka. Japan had made a deep impression on the old gentleman and he grew enthusiastic over our Danjuro Ichikawa, the noted actor. Every night at dinner the conversation was sure to turn on the subject of Japan. The

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little Barbara was much interested in our country and its ways, and buying some Japanese dolls begged me to make long-sleeved kimonos for them which she thought so lovely. The mother was a conservative Englishwoman and her national pride made her a bit jealous of the interest her daughter and the old gentleman showed in Japan, but she seemed impressed when she learned of the high-priced silks of superior quality worn commonly by the people of our land.

In London we saw a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Caesar" and a cinema show representing Shackleton's South Pole trip, with the explanations given by Shackleton himself for the purpose of instructing the youth of the country. He was often absorbed in the recollections of his stirring experience and showed his emotion clearly when he reached the climax of the story. One of the realistic scenes was a ship crashing against an iceberg, and another was the catching of some seals and sea leopards which attacked the explorer's ship. The oil from these animals was used for liquid fuel. Reminded of the time we encountered an iceberg when crossing the Atlantic, we found the iceberg scene very thrilling.

Then later we visited St. Paul's Cathedral, London Tower, Windsor Castle, the Natural History Museum, the National Art Gallery, the Charity Hospital, the British Museum, Madame Tessaud and in the environs of London Kew Gardens, Hampton Court and Richmond Park, where snowdrops and crocuses grew in lovely contrast with the green expanse of turf.

In the middle of April we took short trips to Cambridge and Oxford and to Cornwall, besides visiting Hyde Park and Buckingham Palace again before leaving London. The chestnut and yew trees were just budding at the time and flocks of sheep belonging to the Royal family were grazing on the soft grass beneath. What a charming peaceful spring scene! Resting on the green sward, we were fascinated with the beauty of it.

Returning to France we found spring was coming in Paris also. On the Bois de Boulogne, the Place de la Concorde, the triumphal Arc de l'Etoiles, at the Grand Palais, and the Petit Palais, we enjoyed the dazzling scenes, while the Champs Elysées seemed the finest boulevard in the world. We visited also the church of the Sacré Coeur, the Eiffel tower, the garden of the Trocadero, the Panthéon, Notre Dame, the Louvre, etc. The grotesque figures on the roof of the Notre Dame Cathedral interested me greatly. Other notable sights were the Palace of Peace, St. Germain, and the Palace of Fontainebleau, whose balcony reminded us of the past glories of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Leaving Paris, we saw something of rural France at Lyons on the Rhône river, and took a glance at Mentone, the Riviera, Monaco, Monte Carlo, and the Winter Palace at Nice, which latter place we pronounced the winter fairyland of the whole world. Geraniums blossomed, the walks and drives were faultless, and every convenience was provided for the comfort of guests.

Our conclusions were that in hotel service New York excels the world, in artistic and historical interest come first France, then Italy, while the places which seemed most healthful and clean were Switzerland and Nice.

A word in closing as to Italy. We visited Genoa and Rome. In the latter city the Vatican, the palace of the Pope, was beyond imagination magnificent in architecture, paintings and mosaic work. We also visited the Colosseum, Tivoli, near Rome, the Villa Adriana and the Villa d'Este, all rich in historic and artistic values.

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ANECDOTES OF HOKUSAI AND YŪSEN

By YAICHIRO ISOBE

At a hotel in Utsunomiya, Hokusai was gazing steadfastly on a picture his master, Kano Yūsen, was making in compliance with the landlord's request.

The picture represented a little boy who was trying with a long bamboo pole to take a ripe persimmon from a tree, but who was at his wits' end because it was out of his reach.

When the picture was finished, Yūsen, in pride, looked about him, as if challenging the applause of the lookers-on. The landlord, needless to say, was struck with admiration at the great beauty of the picture.

"What do you say, Nakashima?" said the painter to Hokusai with a complacent smile.

"In my humble opinion, the pole seems to be a little too long," answered the lad.

"What! The pole is too long?" cried the master in astonishment.

"Yes, sir, because the child does not stand on tiptoe. If he only stood on tiptoe, the pole would reach the fruit, and no doubt about it," the young disciple said boldly and frankly.

In an instant the master was crimson with anger. He said: "You fool! I knew, of course, all that when I drew the pole."

"Yes, sir, but——"

"What do you think is the subject of the picture? Don't you know that the boy is a mere child, innocent and ignorant?"

"You are quite right, sir," said the lad.

"Remember that the most important thing to be observed in painting is to catch the spirit of a picture. I have depicted the boy like this on purpose, taking into consideration the intellectual power of a little child. To stand on tiptoe on such an occasion would be an idea possible only to a man."

The awkward situation induced the landlord to interfere with:

"You are quite right, sir. Yes, yes, this is a masterpiece of art. How fortunate we are to be favoured with such a splendid picture! No, no, it was not from any malicious idea, I believe, that your young disciple ventured such a remark. Let me humbly beg you to forgive him."

Then turning to Hokusai, the kind landlord advised him to apologize to his master on the spot.

"I hear," was the single response which the obdurate lad uttered in reply; he only hung his head.

"No, no, my dear landlord," said the infuriated artist; "let him alone. It is the height of insolence that such a green hand, unable to understand the painter's idea, should have criticized his master's work."

Then turning to Hokusai, he said, "I cannot have you any longer as my disciple. You had better learn painting from the *Ukiyoye* school. That will be a more suitable study for such a man as you. Go back to Yedo at once."

My second incident occurred in the early years of the Kansei era (1789-1800). A noted artist of that age, Yūsen, was chief painter for the Shogun. At the time of this story, he was on his way to Nikko, to attend to the repair work on the famous shrines. Though the picture in question was made impromptu by him, it

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was too much for him to hear it criticized by a disciple. How could he yield to the suggestion, even though it were right? How impulsive he was and how stoutly he kept to his convictions may be proved by the following story:

A Hot Dispute over a Picture

During the era of Bunka (1804—1817), an envoy from the Korean king arrived in Japan to pay his respects to the Tokugawa Shogun. It was resolved that in return for the gifts brought by the envoy, a *byobu* (folding-screen) should be presented to the Korean king. For this purpose, a few distinguished painters were ordered to try their skill, and Yūsen, chief painter for the Shogun, was among the number. The best picture was to be selected from the lot. Now the subject Yūsen chose for his picture was the eight great views of Lake Biwa. He devoted himself to the picture, soul and body, and the result was most satisfactory in his own estimation, but it was taken exception to by Abe Bungo-no-kami, a minister of state in the Tokugawa government. In the dispute the painter's personality revealed itself in a strong light, but in a very tragical manner.

The law of perspective was well observed in Yūsen's picture. The whole was sprinkled with gold dust; the colours were so graded that the distant view was properly distinguishable from the nearer with houses and trees visible here and there amid the mist.

When all the pictures were finished and sent in, the authorities assembled to discuss their comparative merits. Upon inspecting Yūsen's picture, Abe Bungo-no-kami shook his head, and putting himself forward a little, he said to the painter, "Is this yours?"

"Yes, sir,"

"The utilizing of gold dust is an excellent idea, but it seems to me that the shading-off is rather too faint."

"Do you think so? But, begging your pardon, I did it so on purpose to distinguish the distant view from the near;—it must be fainter as the distance grows. I took no little care in the consideration."

"Your idea may be good." said the high functionary, "but I think the general effect is far from being satisfactory. You see a picture must be gratifying to the spectator."

"I beg your pardon, but there is a proper way of looking at a picture," replied the artist. Convinced of the perfection of his own work, Yūsen did not budge an inch from his position.

This rebuff on the part of the artist angered the dignitary, and he exclaimed, "What? do you mean that I have no eye for a picture?"

"O no, but I think there is no occasion for me to retouch the picture," said the painter in a decisive tone.

Then straightening his back, the Shogun's councillor said, "You say so because you are so conceited. Say what you may, such a process is not proper for the purpose. Let it be retouched at once. I order you by my authority."

This imperious order wounded the pride of the artist to the quick, but after suppressing his anger with great difficulty, he calmly answered, "Is it so? I sincerely regret that my picture is not available." Then he said to himself, "What a pity that the idea of a good artist cannot be properly appreciated by the vulgar!"

So saying, he smiled a sarcastic smile. Bungo-no-kami flew into a passion.

"Repeat your words! Your rudeness cannot be overlooked."

The dispute had come to a crisis. All present watched the scene with alarmed interest.

After adjusting his dress, Yūsen said to the authorities, "Now allow me to leave you, for I am seized with a sudden illness." He rose with an air of resolve, and after bowing to the silent company, left the room. And on his way home in a palanquin he committed *harakiri* in a masterly way.

To return to our story of Hokusai. His master being a man of such a temperament, it was only natural that Hokusai should have been instantly dismissed for his interference with the picture.

Having been dismissed by the hot-tempered Yūsen, Hokusai returned to Edo and learned European painting under the guidance of Shiba Kōkan, but soon left

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the latter and became a disciple of Katsukawa Shunshō, a famous painter of the *Ukiyoe* school. He took this latter step, perhaps, following the sarcastic hint of his former master, Yūsen, or rather, more probably out of spite to him; at the same time changing his artist's name into Shuncho. He was still young, and the world was before him. But his critical propensity and his outspoken manner offended his new master as they had done Yusen, and he was once more turned out as a rebel. Then he learned the style of Kōrin, the famous lacquer artist and painter, and renamed himself Hishikawa Sōri. But he had to pay dearly for his loss of a master, for he was deprived of the means of earning his bread. While he was a disciple of Shunshō, he got some income by producing popular pictures, such as the portraits of the star actors, but now that he posed as a painter after the Kōrin school, he devoted himself exclusively to the production of drawings in refined taste, which were not so much sought after as genre-pictures. So he was reduced to abject poverty, until at last he became a poor vendor of almanacs prepared by himself. One day when he was walking along the street of Kuramae in Asakusa, selling the almanacs in a loud voice, he espied his former master Shunshō and his wife coming towards him. Ashamed of his own miserable appearance, he turned his face aside and tried to pass them in haste, when he was discovered by the woman.

"Oh, you are Mr. Shunchō, aren't you? Yes, yes, you are, to be sure," cried she in delighted surprise.

Taken aback, Hokusai took to his heels, without casting a single backward glance. His whole body was covered with drops of perspiration. Afterward, when he had occasion to repeat this story, he said that he never had had such an embarrassing experience in his life.

On hastening back to his cottage, quite worn out, Hokusai threw himself down at the desk, and heaving a long sigh, said to himself:

"Ah, I am not born for a painter. I must give up my profession. If I followed some other calling, I should be able to live more comfortably." He was about to break his pencils in despair, when a voice was heard at the door:

"May I ask you where a painter called Hishikawa Sōri lives? I hear that he is living hereabouts," said a strange voice.

"Sōri is my name," answered the painter, coming to the door. "Where have you come from?"

"O, is it you? How fortunate that I have found you at home!"

With that, the stranger crossed the threshold with a bow. He looked like the head clerk of a large commercial firm. To all appearance, he was an honest fellow.

"I have come, by my master's order, to ask you for a picture. A new flag is to be made for my master's little son, in celebration of the Boys' Fête, which is to come to him for the first time, so you are requested to draw something on it," said the man.

"Have you come on purpose for that? But are there not many other painters, who are more noted than I? Why don't you ask some of them?" said the low-spirited painter in a rather blunt tone.

"No. The fact is that the old father of my master now retired from the world, is very fond of works of art and he saw the other day a picture by you at a certain place; he was quite charmed with it, and insists on getting the flag painted by you, so I have come to ask you the favour," said the *banto*.

Hokusai's joy may be better imagined than described. He had been in the depth of despair, but now to have found that there was a sympathetic soul who could find any merit in his productions! It was bliss indeed.

Once more he took up his pencil, which he had been about to break. On the flag he drew in vermillion a picture of Shōki, the deity who can exorcize the spirit of pestilence. It was a masterpiece of art indeed, and for his pains he was paid a sum of two *ryo* in gold. Only two *ryo!* the reader may say with a smile. 'Tis true, the sum is insignificant with the present value of money, but in those days it was a generous payment for a picture. Especially did it count for much with Hokusai, an obscure painter, who had been constantly struggling with daily want.

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Given such unlooked-for encouragement, Hokusai resolved to go on with his profession, and worked with redoubled efforts, and yet poverty still looked him in the face, for his pictures after the style of Kōrin did not please the multitude. It was, indeed, long before his merit was generally recognized. Meanwhile he never slackened his enthusiasm in the pursuit of his art. He studied several schools of painting—Japanese, Chinese, and European, and created his own style out of these. Whether in nature or in art there was scarcely any object he did not represent with his masterly pencil. His pictures of magnificent palaces, shrines, temples, personages in court-robes, together with hills, water, flowers, birds, and beasts are all marked by genius and originality. He was also a master of caricatures drawn offhand.

When a series of his productions, entitled "Hokusai's Stray Sketches," was published, a European who happened to see them was quite fascinated with them, and soon after his return to his country, reproduced several of the pictures. At the demand of a Dutch captain, he produced two volumes of pictures, in which were repesented the whole life of a common Japanese merchant and of an ordinary woman from childhood to death. These were taken back by the captain to his native land, where they were much admired as novelties, as proved by the constant orders he subsequently received for his pictures from Holland. Hundreds of these drawings were annually exported to the West from Nagasaki, but the exportation was afterward forbidden by the Tokugawa government, lest the secrets of Japan should become known abroad.

Hokusai distinguished himself in producing gigantic pictures. In 1804, for instance, when the *kaicho* of Kannon's idol was held at Gokokuji temple in Koishikawa, Edo, he drew the bust of Dharma on a sheet of paper which was so large as to cover one hundred and twenty mats, to the astonishment of the spectators. He was also no less skilled in miniature drawing. Once, after making a huge picture of Hotei, one of the Seven Gods of Luck, at the Ekōin temple in Ryōgoku, he drew two sparrows on a single grain of rice. The picture was so small that the spectators could scarcely see it with the naked eye. He was also a master of stunt drawing. He could draw in any manner or position,—upside-down or sideways, and using for a pencil his fingers, an egg, a tea-cup, or a bottle. Hearing of Hokusai's wonderful skill, Tokugawa Iyenari, the then Shōgun, whose love of pomp and luxury reminds us of that of Louis the Fourteenth of France, on his way back from hawking in the suburbs, one day stopped at the Dembōin temple in Asakusa and ordered Hokusai and Tani Bunchō, another great modern painter, to draw in his presence. When Hokusai's turn came, he proceeded before the Shogun with no least sign of fear or perplexity. He first made pictures of hills, streams, ponds, flowers, and birds. All present were struck with the uncommon beauty of the drawings. Lastly, bringing out a long sheet of Chinese paper, he swept its surface with a brush saturated with indigo. Next, he took a frightened hen out of a basket, and holding it tightly, covered its claws with red stamp-ink, and made it run wild over the paper. The effect produced was like the appearance of the crimson leaves of the maple-tree scattered over a stream. When the process was over, Hokusai said that was a picture of the Tatsuta river, and respectfully withdrew from the presence of the Shōgun. Not only the Shōgun but all the others were quite astonished at his boldness as well as his ingenuity. Bunchō, who was watching Hokusai draw in such a hazardous way, it is said, was almost dead with fear, lest a miscarriage on the part of the painter should cost him his head.

This honour conferred on Hokusai by the Shōgun enhanced his fame still more and his pictures were more eagerly sought after. At the same time he got a larger number of pupils. For all this, however, his financial condition was never improved; he was always hard up, strange to say.

In those days, Onoye Kikugorō was the star of the stage. He won his renown chiefly by his amazing skill in acting the ghost. Once, the actor invited Hokusai

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to his house as a guest, to make him draw the pictures of supernatural beings. His object was to improve his skill by Hokusai's imagination, if his drawings of ghosts were to the life, so to speak, but the painter refused to accept his invitation.

Shortly afterward, the actor called upon Hokusai, riding in a palanquin. When he found himself indoors, he was quite disgusted with the untidiness of the house, where there were no arrangements for the reception of visitors. Above all, the mats were so dirty that the actor ran outdoors and ordered a rug that he used in his palanquin to be brought in. When he took his seat and, with a bow, saluted the painter at his desk, the latter, taking offence at his rudeness, turned his face away and would not say a single word in response. The actor left the house in anger. A strange interview! The actor afterward apologized to the painter for his impolite manner. He was readily forgiven and a lifelong friendship came to exist beween the two. Once, when Kikugorō staged one of his favourite plays, Hokusai expressed his intention of seeing the performance. It was in summer. Hokusai sold his only mosquito-net for two pieces of silver, and brought the money to the theatre. When the play was over, he folded the money in paper and presented it to the actor as a token of his admiration of the performance. The loss of his mosquito-net, however, was a great sacrifice to him, for it cost him many sleepless nights, as the neighborhood he lived in was famous for its mosquitoes, as it is still.

Such a Bohemian he was! On his door was displayed a simple card with the letters: "Hachiemon the Farmer." The two notices, "Don't stand on ceremony," and "Don't bring me any present," were posted side by side on the wall of his room.

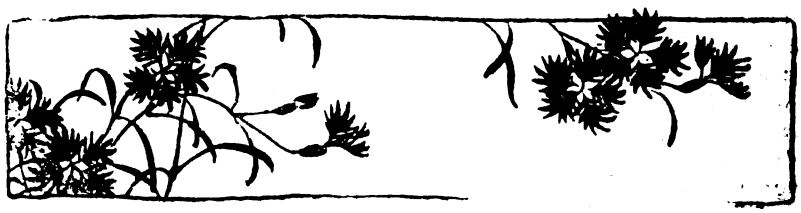
Katsushika Hokusai was a native of Edo. He was born in Honjo in 1760 A.D. His real name was Tetsuzo Nakashima. When he was a boy, he was known by the name of Hachiemon. His father was a mirrormaker to the Shōgun's household. Katsushika Hokusai was his pseudonym. The name "Hokusai" was taken from the name of a deity of whom he was a devout worshipper. The god still flourishes in Yanagishima, Honjo, as in the days of Hokusai.

He died at the age of ninety in April, 1849. When breathing his last, he said with a deep sigh: "If ten years were added to my life,—" After a pause, he continued, "If five years were added to my life, I could be a true painter." He was exceptionally fond of changing his residence. During his life-time, he removed it as often as ninety-three times. In a single day, it is said, he would move three times; so that his address was mentioned as "unknown" in the directory of artists published in those days.

His third daughter, Katsushika Ei, was a good painter of her father's school. She was once married to a painter, but being divorced, lived afterward with her father, whom she assisted in his profession. Her forte lay in depicting beautiful women, and she is said to have even surpassed her father in this line. She was as active as a man, and ready to help the distressed, though she was poor herself. In her later days she became a nun, and after her father's death wandered about the country as a pilgrim. It is not known where her bones are buried.

Notes

Kaicho. The festival of raising the curtain of a Buddhist idol or of the image of the founder of a sect.



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THE ILL-FATED POET

By T. WAKAMEDA

THREE years ago, one early summer morning, when the sun had just risen out of his bed in the heavens, I was strolling along the sea-shore at K——. The weather was fine; the air was refreshing. Until late in the previous night I had worked hard at a composition which must be contributed to a literary magazine. As soon as it was finished, I threw down my pen and went to bed, for I was exceedingly fatigued. But I could scarcely get a wink of sleep, various visions coming across my mind. At day-break I turned out of bed and went out for a walk.

Well, as I say, I was strolling along the sea-shore. Then I saw a young man coming my way with a slow step. On his approaching me, I said to him, "Good morning!" Looking up at me, he returned me the same compliment and went on. It was not my custom to make such a salutation to a stranger on such an occasion as this, but at that time the words slipped out of my lips. The lad seemed to be a student and a little above twenty. At the first glance I thought him to be a melancholy specimen of humanity. But his image soon vanished out of my memory.

The morning walk refreshed both my spirit and body so much that I got up early the next morning and took a walk on the seaside again. The young man whom I had met on the previous morning was seen wandering about as before. We approached and exchanged greetings; from that time we became acquainted with each other. He said he came about a week before and was sojourning at a farmer's. We grew more and more friendly day by day. Before long I found that he had a literary turn of mind and was something of a poet. One day he came to my lodgings and showed me some poems of his own composing. Some of them were, in fact, very nice—even excellent. I admired his genius and gave him some words of encouragement.

"Have you ever published any of your poems?" asked I.

"No, never," said the young man. "I should like to publish some verses in a magazine; my latest composition is one entitled *The Rising Sun*, which I like best, sir."

"Then I will introduce you to the editor of the *Tokyo Magazine*," said I. "Go and see him, and he will be willing to consider your poems. I will write a letter of introduction to him."

"You are very kind, Mr. Ito," said the young poet. "Pray do so, and I will call on him to-morrow morning."

The seaside village where we were staying is not far from Tokyo, and can be reached in a little more than an hour's time. Early the next morning Mr. Shida (for this was the young poet's name) went

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up to Tokyo, where he was to call on the editor in his office. He was full of hope and pleasure.

Now Mr. Shida was the eldest son of a wealthy merchant in Tokyo. His father had intended him to be a merchant like himself; but while he was in the middle school, the boy did not care much for algebra and geometry, and devoured poetry and romance. On finding it out, his father confiscated all his books of poetry and fiction. But the boy by stealth went to the City Library and pored over what books he liked. When he graduated from the middle school, his father told him to enter the Higher Commercial School, but he did not obey. He fled to his aunt, who lived in Kyoto. There he sauntered about all day and was often seen to be immersed in musings. His angry father sending him no money at all, he was obliged to subsist on the bounty of his kind aunt, who had some fortune of her own. He had been betrothed to the daughter of a rich business man, who was a friend of his father's; but now no communications were made between the affianced. Thus about four years had passed away, and the young man came to K—— to pass a month or two, with his aunt's permission. To do him justice, he was really a man of talent, but passionate and headlong.

Dispirited and pale of face, Shida returned from Tokyo and directly came to my lodgings. His looks at once gave me to understand that he had not succeeded.

"Was Yokota at his office?" asked I of Shida. For Yokota was the editor's name.

"No, sir," answered the young man of letters; "a clerk said he went to Osaka yesterday. But he is to return in a few days. So I apprised the clerk of the nature of my business, and have come back."

"And have you not left your manuscripts with him?"

"Yes, I have," said the young man. "The clerk said he would hand them to the editor when he returned, and impart to him what I had come for."

"You seem dejected," said I, "but really you need not be so much cast down?"

"The clerk said it was he himself that looked through all the manuscripts. After looking over my manuscripts, he added, 'I am afraid this sort of poetry will not appeal to our readers,'" said the young man with a look of dejection.

"But I think your poems beautiful," said I by way of soothing him, "and I will recommend them to the editor when I see him next. Be of good cheer, Mr. Shida."

The young poet left my lodgings with an air of happiness. Shortly after this, I travelled to a neighbouring province on some matter of business. After staying away for two weeks, I came back; in my room several letters and a copy of the August number of the *Tokyo Magazine* had been awaiting my return. I took up the magazine and passed my eyes over the contents, but no poem of the young poet's was to be found therein. At once I pictured to myself how great his disappointment was. Then among the letters I found one which he had sent me. The letter ran as follows:

"My dearest friend,—I am leaving this village and the world forever. Before I depart, I long to see you once more, for you have been so kind to me. No one understands me better than you do; you have always encouraged me with hope. To confess the truth, I often offered my

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poems to magazines, but to no purpose. Now I leave the Muse and the world eternally, for they both have abandoned me forever. The other day you spoke of Chatterton, the unhappy English poet, who killed himself by swallowing poison when he was still in his teens. You read me his last lines, which were so heart-rending to me. My father, though ever so rich, does not sympathize with me at all, nor does he give me a single piece of money. Now that I leave the Muse forever, how can it avail me to ask for her assistance? So I have burnt all manuscripts to ashes and leave none behind. Pray get back the manuscripts I have submitted to the editor's consideration, and throw them into the fire on my behalf. Adieu, my dearest friend, adieu forever!

"Your poor S."

The letter was dated two days before my return. The next day I went to Tokyo and called on Yokota at the office. Luckily he was there. I told him all that had happened. He looked greatly astonished and said, "My stay in Osaka was prolonged owing to business; and the August number of the Magazine was sent to press before I returned. I have looked through the MSS., and some of them I find very interesting. *The Rising Sun* shall be inserted in the next number."

"Mr. Shida wished me to take back the MSS. and burn them all," said I. "But there will be no harm in publishing some anonymously."

So *The Rising Sun* appeared in the September number of the *Tokyo Magazine*, and of course anonymously. Reading circles admired the beautiful thought of the poem and wondered who was the author. Only we three men knew and even yet nobody knows what has become of the young poet.

A NIGHT SCENE

"Yuki wa chira chira,
Yo wa shin shin to,
Otoko-namida ni
Morai-jichi."

"The snow is falling,
The darkness advancing—
A man in tears is seeking a motherly breast
For his forlorn babe."

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PRESENT CONDITIONS IN SIBERIA

By SHOMU NOBORU

(From the *Taiyo*)

DURING my trip to Siberia last summer (1920) my most serious impression was that the utterly demoralized condition of the country was the result of the breakdown of civilization throughout the world. 1. First, what conditions did I fmd in Siberia? A profound moral degradation, educational facilities demolished, undertakings of all kinds at a standstill. The huge buildings still left standing in the cities were useless except as witnesses of how serious the destruction had been; as also the remains of engines, cars, and rails at the sides of the road. Even an enormons bridge was seen, several miles in length, fallen diagonally into the river. If one sailed out a short distance one could descry the ghastly carcase. Everywhere I went these terrible reminders of past civilization were lying about. Indeed I had much ado to keep from weeping when I thought of Russia the Mighty now prostrate in the dust.

But these were merely the external effects of the change. Looking more deeply beneath the surface, in investigating conditions further east, I came to realize the extent of Russia's embarrassment and the terrible tragedies the Revolution has caused. First it must be noted that the cultured and wealthy classes are suffering for lack of bread, as they can find no suitable employment. I was told at Habarovsk that a man who had formerly been a general in the Imperial army had been reduced through poverty to driving an omnibus and that his daughter had been forced into prostitution for the same reason. In such a condition, titles and degrees counted for nothing. All were swept into the vortex and carried away. Let me give some idea of the state of civilization as I found it.

2. First, as to education, I found complete demoralization on account of the difficulty of getting the necessaries of life. This was in the extreme east, Although schools are not usually in session in the summer time, when I made my trip, yet everywhere I found there were no evidences of such at any season of the year and I heard from officials that while in some districts schools were opened, in general they were non-existent. Now the number of students has greatly decreased and only a small number are attending. School books and stationery are wanting and on account of poverty but few children can get these while only those text-books published in Russia can be purchased. Even very poor ones published in Japan and China are being used, but the price is exceedingly high.

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How can Russians suffering from high prices buy such things? And without text-books how can they give their children proper education? Then the teachers cannot even support themselves, an account of the sudden fall of the rouble, and so of course they cannot help their students.

While I was traveling from Habarovsk to Nikolaievsk I became the train mate of two Russian young ladies, and listened to their conversation. Both were school teachers at Habarovsk but they could not support themselves and had given up their positions; one intended to go to Vladivostok while the other was bound for Harbin. Perhaps they might at last be caught in the net of fate and sink to the position of unlicensed prostitutes, or might become beggars wandering from town to town. The case being thus the schools everywhere are closing for want of teachers, and education in Eastern Siberia is declining more and more. I deeply sympathize with the children of school age in Siberia who cannot get an education. Not only the children, but young men and women too have lost facilities for education since the business schools and the colleges have closed and they are idly spending their valuable time in vain regrets. While I was passing an important station on the Ussuri railway, I met the son of a certain country squire. He had had bright prospects of entering a Petrograd University but as things were now, he could only while away his time in this country place. I was deeply sorry for him. And his case is not the only one of its kind, I am sure.

3. Next, let us consider religion. The people are in general adopting a *laissez-faire* policy and hence faith too is declining. After the Great War, the Revolution came, difficulty in gaining food followed, and naturally a loss of faith. Recently, however, we hear of a revival of spiritual life. I myself attended services wherever I went, in accordance with my custom, and found everywhere about 70-80% attendance. At places like Harbin where the atmosphere of the Empire still exists, the churches are full. The central Cathedral is always crowded. Escaping from real life, the people find themselves in another world when they enter church and are suffused with strong emotion as if the former days had returned. This we could sense in the zealous prayers, burning fancies, and mystic atmosphere full of intense longing for spiritual revelations. In Eastern Siberia I saw no fine cathedrals, though we have one such in Tokyo, in Surugadai. Whenever I saw the Byzantine architecture with its round domes or the Gothic spires on the hill top churches, as these rose from the plains in the clear blue northern sky, I found the fascination they exercised over me was wonderful because they recalled the Middle Ages to my mind. In the intervals of the solemn ritual service, the grave quartet, chanting slow music, makes a deep impression. I catch a glimpse of the power of Russian religious fervor, in participating in such a service. This religous faith has grown up in them through a thousand years of their history and has become a part of their deepest inner life. So although it may become weak or cold for a time, it will surely revive again.

But this present revival of faith is certainly no evidence of a reaction from Bolshevism. It is rather the faith that comes from passive endurance of evil—the idea expressed in the popular saying,

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"In extremity, man prays." As a result of the horrors experienced in war, the hard living conditions so long continued, the realization that life is uncertain and evanescent and that nothing in this world is in stable equilibrium, the people naturally turn to God as their only sure dependence. As the sudden fervor of religious faith which has taken hold of the people of Eastern Siberia appears to be the concomitant of intense pessimism, it is not an active force. It will be a long time before there is a great national religious crusade against Bolshevism.

4. While, as I have just stated, spiritual life is suddenly showing a great revival, yet it is also true that the moral conditions in Eastern Siberia are getting worse and worse in consequence of the hard living conditions in general. Now these two statements may appear curiously paradoxical, but indeed the truth is that to Russians religion and morality have appeared quite separate and distinct from each other for long ages. The religious zeal of the people might rise to inconceivable heights and yet the high-water mark of their moral life be very low. A man may go to church and to the confessional, and pray in tears, and then a little later, tempted by the odor of *vodka*, may drop into a wayside saloon, become intoxicated, quarrel, fight, and not seldom even commit murder. The Russian temperament is lacking in calmness and self-control. Easily running to extremes, the people show religious zeal, but a low morality. Their morals being more practical than their religion, tend to be more easily affected by daily life and hence become corrupted. When the problem how to live becomes dominant, both religion and morals seem to lose their power.

To-day the disorganization of the home and the degradation of women have almost reached the lowest point. Low sex morality, which formerly was asserted to be due to Russian characteristics, is now intensified by the living conditions. For example, there are now many widows in Russia on account of the war. If such have children to feed and educate they cannot live in the usual way at all and are obliged to barter their chastity for gold. Again, many young women refugees are coming in from Western Russia. If they cannot make a living, they must join the host of unlicensed prostitutes who sit in the parks in the dusk of evening as if waiting for some one. The bands of women in gay dress strolling about the streets also belong to this class. Of course such prostitutes, with beggars, have been a common sight in Russia heretofore, but their numbers are now vastly increased. And to see those who had formerly lived a sober normal life thrown into this black abyss is a pitiful sight indeed. The saying that there is not a chaste woman to be found in Russia may be an exaggeration, but signs of extreme degradation are on every hand.

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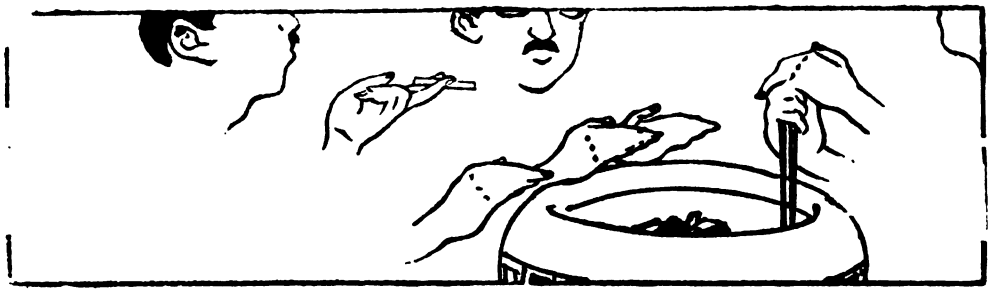
AROUND THE HIBACHI



THE OLD WELL

MANY years ago there was to the west of Ichijo-dori in Kyoto a lonely place, where lived an old man and his wife. Poor and childless, they had for a long time had a hard time of it; and the old man earned his scanty living by hawking bamboo brooms in town every day. But by degrees his limbs grew weak, and he was obliged to look for another job.

Behind this decrepit man's cottage there was an old well which had been there time out of mind. Its inside was covered with ferns, which are prized by those who love gardening. In hopes of selling them, the old man pulled them up by the roots, and incidentally took out the duckweeds. He found the water was so cold and pure that it was excellent to drink in the summer-time. Many people heard of this and came to him to ask for some water. From this time on the well became famous and people called it the *Old Man's Well.* Thus he and his wife could live comfortably by selling water.

One of the neighbours, envying him, dug a well in a spot where the water-vein was supposed to run. From this new well water gushed and gurgled forth — cold, pure water. At the same time the *Old Man's Well* produced little water—so little that the old couple could scarcely manage to live. Some days passed without their thinking of any good way out of the difficulty until the old man took it into his head to prevent people from coming to his covetous neighbour's well thus: He put on a devil's mask and a bear's skin, stole out of a thick bamboo bush, and stood in the path where people came to draw water out of the new well early in the morning when it was still dusk. Those who witnessed this apparition ware badly frightened. The rumour soon spread, and no one came there to buy water any more.

Now the neighbour, who thought it must be a fox or a badger, went with some kinsmen to his well at the time when the ghost was said to appear. As was expected, they saw a monstrous figure rustling out of the bamboo bush. Without delay they sprang upon the poor old man (for he it was) and cudgelled him to death. They had not talked

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long of their brave deed before the day broke. On looking at the dead body, they found greatly to their astonishment that it was the old man. They repented of their hasty, precipitous conduct, but it was too late.

The old widow appealed to the District Governor, asking that she might be allowed to avenge her murdered husband. On cross-examination, the Governor said, "'Tis not lawful to steal into another man's grounds in strange attire and under cover of night. Such a man, if killed, cannot make any complaint. As for your neighbour, he is too avaricious to regard the interests of others. He has deprived an old couple of their livelihood, and is indirectly a thief. The old man has been killed on account of water, so his body ought to be buried close by the well, and the water to be offered before his grave."

So the neighbour interred the old man in his own grounds, near the well. And the *Old Man's Well*, in the course of many years, became again old and disused as it had been when it was thickly covered with ferns and weeds.

TAMADARE-NO-TAKI (warerfall)

Tamadare no
Chisuji ni suzushi,
Taki no ito.

Though like a beaded curtain
The marvelous Tamadare
Hangs glittering here before us,
'Tis in reality
White threads of living water
That so deceive the eye.

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BOOK NOTES

"The Awakening of Asia," By H. M. Hyndman. Cassel and Company, Ltd. Pp. 291. London, New York, Toronto, and Melbourne, 1919. Price ¥3.75.

This book by the well-known English Socialist, Mr. H. M. Hyndman, was held up by the censor for two years during the war, and finally allowed to see the light in 1919. Hence the reflections upon affairs in the Far East are interesting chiefly as showing the author's point of view in regard to general principles and policies in Asian lands, rather than as comments upon recent events.

We learn from the cover notice that this book will "create widespread discussion," and even a hasty glance at the chapter headings and main theses will convince readers that this is a safe conclusion for any reviewer to hazard.

The shock begins in the Preface, where the author says:

"It was only by degrees that I was forced to the conviction that European interference [in Asia], European trade interests, European administration and European domination had been almost wholly harmful."

And this electrification continues up to the last page, on which we read Mr. Hyndman's conclusions:

"If in international relations the old race and colour prejudices are maintained, if trade and commerce, interest and profit continue to be the principal objects of our statesmanship, then troubles may easily ensue beside which even the World War may take second place."

As a Socialist Mr. Hyndman criticizes imperialistic nations severely and in this class he ranks both England and Japan, at least as far as their foreign policy is concerned. Of China he has a great deal to say, and but little that is unsympathetic. Of America he speaks favorably in the main except as regards her policy in the matter of Oriental immigration.

The chapter on "Asiatic Immigration" will be pleasing to nearly all Asiatics but few Anglo-Saxons will agree with the writer's cynical views as to foreign domination in India and China, while Japan will certainly object to the assumption as to her Continental Asian policy. Christians of every creed, Catholic and Protestant alike, will certainly not concede the author's presentation of the results of their work in India and the Far East as adequate or true to facts.

Mr. Hyndman's final solution for the troubles of the world is tersely summed up on p. 282:

"1. The Emancipation of India from foreign rule by peaceful agreements with its numerous peoples.

2. The cessation of attempts to force foreign capitalism and foreign trade upon Asiatic countries.

3. The recognition that Japanese and Chinese are entitled, in countries or colonies inhabited or controlled by Europeans, to rights equal with those of Europeans in China and Japan.

4. The granting of similar rights to Indians on the same basis.

5. The general acceptance by

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Europeans of the principle "Asia for the Asiatics" as a rightful claim."

On p. 196 we find these plain words on the question so prominent in Japan to-day:

"The subject of Emigration and Immigration was brought up more than once at International Socialist Congresses, and special commissions, on which I served myself, were appointed to deal with the question. But the ignorance of the matter displayed by the majority of the members of the commissions was so great, and their disinclination to look facts in the face which in any way conflicted with their universal humanitarian theories was so strong, that the reports presented were practically valueless. No attempt was really made to treat the serious complications involved. European workers, in short, are not as yet competent to handle the whole of this immigration problem, and American and Australasian workers are, for the most part, bitterly prejudiced."—*K.G.I.*

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MONTHLY RECORD OF EVENTS

(NOVEMBER 26—DECEMBER 25, 1920)

November 27.—Mr. Motokichi Takahashi, a member of the Japanese Imperial Diet, died in Seattle, Washington, whither he had gone to study conditions.

29.—The N.Y.K. passenger steamer *Kokura Maru*, which ran aground on a reef off the Island of Yap, is a total loss but passengers, crew and mail are safe, it is announced by the Yokohama Office.

31.—Their Excellencies Eki Hioki, Japan's Ambassador to Germany, A. Ariyoshi, the new Minister to Switzerland, and T. Kawakami, the new Minister to Poland, all left Kobe for Europe to-day on the N.Y.K. liner *Kamo Maru*.

December 1.—His Excellency Hu-Wei-Tei, who arrived here recently as the Representative of the Peking Government, was received in audience at the Imperial Palace by His Imperial Highness, the Crown Prince, to whom he presented his credentials.

2.—Dr. T. Fukuda, the director of the Kanagawa Prefectural Sanitary Office, arrived at Yokohama and visited the principal Japanese officials of the city and members of the consular body.

The Asano cement factory at Taihoku was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at ¥300 000.

3.—The throne has granted ¥40,000 toward the 1300th anniversary celebration of the death of Prince Shotoku Taishi, which will occur in April, 1921, at Horyūji Temple near Nara.

Prince Sumi, fourth Imperial son, celebrated his fifth birthday. Attended by a retinue, he went to the Imperial palace and received the congratulations of his Imperial parents.

The Minister of Peru and Madame de Freyer have returned from China and opened the office of the Legation at their residence, Kojimachi, Tokyo.

Mr. S. Tamura, president of the Kobe Chamber of Commerce, with Messrs. Honda and Suga, vice-presidents, were decorated by the Chinese Government in appreciation of their services in promoting friendship between Japan and China.

Their Imperial Majesties graciously contributed the sum of ¥10,000 a year for the next five years for the maintenance fund of the Japan Red Cross Hospital.

4.—H. H. Prince Takehiko Yamashina, second sub-lieutenant of the Imperial Navy, has joined the Navy Aviation Corps at Yokosuka for the study of aeronautics.

5.—The Tokyo Academy of Music gave a concert in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the death of Beethoven. The day was celebrated at the Kanagawa Girls' School also.

6.—The 139 Polish orphans who were being cared for at the Fukuden orphanage by the Japan Red Cross Society left for Seattle on the *Suwa Maru*.

The third general meeting of the Tokyo Women's Club was held at the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Kanda, Tokyo. Madame de Warzee made an address on "Primitive Literature and its Relation to the Development of the Races."

11.—In the interest of Japan-American

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relations, a conference was held of the combined Associations working for Peace such as The Japan Peace Society, The Japan Emigration Society, The League of Nations Association and others at the Seiyoken, Tsukiji, Tokyo. The subject was the Anti-Japanese Land Legislation in California. The speakers of the day were Marquis Okuma, Professor Dr. Anezaki, Hon. S. Ebara, M. P., Dr. J. Soeda and some others.

Prizes were awarded the winners of the Osaka-Shikoku-Kyūshū flight, at the Military Club, Kudan, Tokyo. Civil aviators and members of the Imperial Aviation Association were present. The occasion was honored by the presence of His Imperial Highness Prince Kuni who delivered a short address which was responded to by Baron Sakatani on behalf of the aviation associations.

16.—On the Island of Yap in the South Seas, by the visitation of a typhoon (N.E.) and heavy rain and a tidal wave almost all the dwelling houses, stores and officials buildings were destroyed and nine thousand natives suffered loss of food and dwelling houses; 80%-90% of cattle and poultry were destroyed, so far no lives are reported lost.

At almost the same time, at Menza, Argentine, a violent earthquake occurred and a certain spot in the street vomited boiling water, by which a number of persons were killed and injured.

17.—Count Hirosawa, member of the House of Peers, was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Madrid, Spain.

Baron Shimpei Goto accepted the Lord Mayorship of Tokyo.

The Japan Red Cross Society gave a banquet at headquarters. Among the distinguished guests invited were Count Chinda, ex-Ambassador to England, and Baron Matsui, ex-Ambassador to Paris and also many prominent officials of the Foreign Office and the War Office.

18.—General Oi, Commander of the Japanese Expeditionary Army in Vladivostok, is in Tokyo recuperating from influenza.

21.—A cablegram from Buenos Aires states that the casualties from a violent earthquake are estimated at over 400.

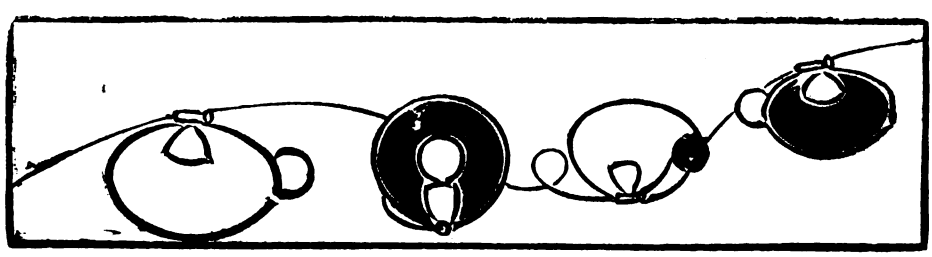
22.—H. I. M. the Emperor attended a meeting of the Privy Council in the Imperial Palace, the first such session he has been able to attend for more than a year.

23.—The ceremony of unveiling a bronze bust of the late Dr. Tanemichi Aoyama, a noted authority on medical science, took place at the Tokyo Imperial University.

24.—Mr. Sadazuchi Uchida the newly appointed minister plenipotentiary to Constantinople, Turkey, left Tokyo to-day.

Professor Omori, the well-known authority on Seismology has visited Asama volcano several times with his assistants since the recent eruptions on the 10th, 14th, 18th and 22nd to make scientific investigation of the actual conditions.

25.—The 44th Imperial Diet was regularly convened to-day.



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FROM THE JAPANESE PRESS

Final Group of Polish Orphans Start on their Homeward Journey

The fourth and last group of Polish orphans to be returned to their homeland from Far Eastern Siberia by way of Japan and the United States will arrive in Tokyo tomorrow morning after having been brought from Vladivostok in a Japanese army transport. This group, whose departure from Siberia marked the beginning of the last stage of this work of repatriating 378 orphans, is the largest group yet handled, consisting of 130 children.

The Polish Children Relief Committee, the organization handling the repatriation of the orphan children, has found it necessary to have branch offices in Vladivostok, Tokyo, San Francisco, Chicago, New York, London and Warsaw. Mme. Anna Bielkiewicz, president of the committee, was busy from early morning until late at night yesterday at the Seiyoken Hotel in Tsukiji conferring with officials of the Japanese Red Cross, arranging for the reception of the final group which is to arrive tomorrow, and making plans for their stay in Tokyo.

Tomorrow's arrivals are perhaps the most badly in need of aid of any of the children who have come through Tokyo thus far. The first group arrived from Vladivostok July 23; the second group, consisting of 112, came September 20, and the third, 78 of them, arrived October 21. All of these children came from the district near Vladivostok and most of them had at least one parent living. Tomorrow's group comes from nearer the central part of Siberia, some of them from Blagoveshchensk, and others from districts even farther in the interior. Most of them are without either father or mother. They range in ages from 2 to 15.

The children who have already left Tokyo for Europe are at present being taken care of by the Polish National Committee in Chicago. They have been cared for by the Japanese Red Cross in Japan and all have started for the United States in far better health and with greater hope than they had had for many months.

"Our work is not unlike some of the advance work of an army unit," said Mme. Bielkiewicz at the Seiyoken Hotel yesterday. "Before leaving Vladivostok, it was my duty to arrange for my small companies of children there. When that was done there were members of my committee left, that each unit of children, arriving in Vladivostok, might be cared for. In Tokyo I have received splendid help from the Japanese and I am very glad to know that the final group of children will be taken care of at the Fukuden-kai in Azabu.

"But before the first group of children left Japan for America, members of the committee, advance posts, were receiving funds for the aid of their work there, and arrangements for the reception of the children were made in that country. Dr. Joseph Yakolikievich, vice-President of the Polish Children Relief Committee, has been in America doing this work and he will arrive here January 21 to assist in clearing up the final details.

"The final group of children will leave Japan for the United States in February or early March. Three or four months after they have left I will go to the United States, and precede them to Poland that

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a charity home may be arranged to give them a place to live in their home country. So wherever these former waifs go, they will have an advance guard, working to see that the misfortunes they have been through and their unhappiness caused by the loss of their parents may be made as easy for them to bear as is physically possible."

Working with Mme. Bielkiewicz in Tokyo are Mr. M. W. Petrosky and Professor Francis Sato, the former connected with the Sapporo University in Hokkaido.—*Japan Advertiser.*

Poem Written by American Lady Wins Place in Imperial Contest

Mrs. Charles Burnett, wife of Colonel Charles Burnett, Military Attaché to the United States Embassy in Japan, is accorded the distinction of being placed among the foremost ranks of Japanese poets in consequence of her New Year's poem, "Before the Shrine of Ise at Dawn."

Mrs. Burnett is the first foreign woman to have her verse read before the Imperial Family in Phoenix Hall at the Palace. Her contribution, submitted anonymously and judged from a purely literary point of view, was selected from among some 17,000 sent from all parts of the Empire. It was written in Hira-kana, Japanese characters, and conformed in every respect to the requirements of the time-honoured custom of O Uta Hajime (The Opening of Imperial Poems) dating from the ninth century, when Imperial poems came into existence as a court function.

Mrs. Burnett's verse is considered most remarkable in view of the fact that it is technically perfect, written in character, and is the first instance of a foreigner composing original verse in Japanese. The vernacular papers have published verse she has written on ceremonial occasions with most favourable comment, but this is the first Imperial recognition accorded her. Her first compositions, written during a former residence of three years in Japan dating from 1911, were written in Romaji, until she finally came to write wholly in Japanese characters.

"Japanese literary authorities regard Mrs. Burnett's genius for interpretation as being of an unusual order and she is the first foreign woman ever recognized in Japan as a poet in the Japanese language.—*Japan Times and Mail.*

Kobe Germans Honor Solf With Banquet

Dr. Wilhelm Solf, Ambassador from Berlin to Tokyo, was the honor guest at a banquet given at the German Club by the members of the German Association of Kobe. More than 50 leading German residents attended. Mr. E. Bihl, president of the association, delivered the speech of welcome, to which Doctor Solf replied. The German Ambassador is making his first trip of inspection in Western Japan.—*Japan Advertiser.*

Evils of a Huge Army

As an editorial of the *Yomiuri*, one of the leading Tokyo dailies, deals with a question which is at the moment of a great deal of interest in Japan, the statement follows:

> Lieutenant-Colonel Hata, of the War Office, has published an article entitled "National Defence and Organs of Propaganda" in which he explains that although war in the past has mainly been the conflict of force, war in the future will accompany war of diplomacy, of economics and of thoughts. Colonel Hata therefore urges the necessity of diplomatic and economic organs so that in case of emergency the attention and efforts of the country may be concentrated to the prosecution of a common object.
>
> An effective defence of the country will no doubt require, as Colonel Hata points out, harmonious co-operation among the naval and military services and all the organs of the administration but what is in vogue in Japan at present betrays an anomalous state of affairs. The fact is that the army and navy, especially the former, absorb a greater portion of the country's expenditure and the militarists virtually run the internal administration and external policy of the country free from the interference of outsiders. The situation betrays a veritable state of an

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Empire within an Empire. Talk as to the unification of diplomacy, economics and finance and the moral and material mobilization of the country in case of emergency sounds very well but how can this be expected to work in a country where the military service wields such preponderating influence as in Japan? The possession of such a huge system and bloated organ as is the case with the Japanese army will not only be very disadvantageous to the country both in peace and war time but also to the army itself. The unification of national thought on a military standard, as is claimed by the militarists, without fundamentally altering the psychology of the army, will do the country more harm than good.

Sir John Randles Sees Japan as the England of the East

According to the *Manchester City News*, Sir John Randles, M.P., attended at the rooms of the Manchester Geographical Society and before a large audience of the members described his tour round the world, which, in company with Lady Randles, he took about twelve months ago. They travelled by way of Ceylon, Burma, and Japan. Sir John went to Japan as the accredited representative of Allied Parliaments, and he was the recipient of the Order of the Rising Sun of the Second Class, the highest honor the Emperor confers on commoners. This token, a beautiful one, Sir John wore at the lecture. Among other things, he alluded to a striking contrast which marked the Chinese and Japanese. In China the Government was in the hands of people of the lower class, while the merchants were of a high type, and so the business men, being imbued with a sense of honor and right dealing, were admirable men to meet in practical affairs. On the other hand, the Government of Japan was in charge of people of education, while trading was left to those on a lower scale, intellectually and morally. Sir John expressed the highest admiration for the Japanese, and looked forward to the time when they would hold the same position in the East that Britain now occupied in the West.

Korean Education

Most important features in the future policy of education in Korea are contained in a statement from the Government General of the Peninsula, and published in the *Chuo*. The statement follows:

1. The Japanese educational system will be adopted in Korea as far as possible, as a general principle.

1. Steps will be taken so as to bring Japanese and Korean schools into closer communication with each other.

3. Korean aspirations for school education will be duly respected and steps will be taken to satisfy such aspirations as far as possible.

4. When circumstances of localities demand, Koreans may be educated separately from Japanese, but the spirit of indiscrimination will be carried into every detail under all circumstances.

Masujima Donates English Law Books

With a view to furthering the study of English law, Dr. Rokuichiro Masujima, a well known Tokyo barrister, will shortly open his library to the public. According to the plans, the library, which consists of about 10,000 English law books, will be housed in a reinforced concrete building to be erected in the neighborhood of his residence at Zaimoku-cho in Azabu.

Dr. Masujima says in the *Yomiuri*: "Japan owes much to England in various fields. In the domain of law this is especially the case. Nevertheless, this is a fact that there are few persons in Japan who can claim a real understanding of English law. To all appearance, university professors are well versed in English statutes. To hear them lecturing on English law makes one wonder at the extent of the knowledge which they possess. In reality, however, they know nothing. I who am taking exception to my fellow students, confess to knowing nothing worth much about English law. The motive which prompted me to establish a library is a desire to promote

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the real study of English law and institutions.

"Another motive is to see the spirit of study cultivated. At no time has Japan been more lacking in the sense of responsibility than to-day. Scholars, business men, diplomats and all are muddling through. In this respect, the Japanese ought to study the characteristics of Englishmen. The English are well known for their sound sense of responsibility. How they acquired the sense of responsibility should be the subject which the Japanese of to-day take up for study first."

Chinese Appreciate Japan's Famine Aid

Reports of Japan's enthusiastic participation in the famine relief for North China is creating a most favorable impression upon the Chinese as well as on the foreign community here, especially the report of the Japanese school children's contribution to the relief fund. The *North China Star*, an American organ at Tientsin, editorially remarks:

"Almost every day since the *Star* came into existence, there have come into its office telegrams bringing news which directly or indirectly gave evidence of ill will between the Chinese and Japanese. Rarely do we get a message that gives indication of mutual understanding and good will, which one would naturally expect between neighbors in this part of the world, but last night was an exception. Among many brief messages from various parts of the world was one from Tokyo, saying that 2,000,000 school children of Japan had contributed toward relief of the famine in China the sum of ¥100,000, each child's share ranging from 3 to 5 sen. We hope that this act on the part of the Japanese children will receive wide publicity in the press in China, and thereby give hope to those who look forward to an era of better relations between the two neighbors in the Far East."

Japanese Subjects Number 77 Million

The population of the Japanese Empire on October 1, 1920, was 77,005,510; that of Japan proper, exclusive of Korea, Formosa and Saghalien, was 55,961,140. These figures were announced by the Bureau of National Power Investigation yesterday afternoon as the results of the census taken this year.

Both these figures are less by more than a million than the estimated population of 1918. The population of the Empire was then estimated, from a compilation of local registers, to be 78,261,856, or 1,235,346 more than the census of 1920 gives. For Japan proper the 1918 estimate was 57,070,936, or 1,109,796 more than the 1920 figures. The decrease for the Empire is 1.6 per cent; for Japan proper it is 1.9 per cent.

The decrease is due not to an actual loss of population but to the inaccuracy of the former method of enumerating the subjects of the Empire. The 1920 census is the first ever taken by modern methods in Japan. The method used since the fall of the Tokugawas has been the compilation of figures from local registers. Duplications were frequent under this system, which also permitted the counting of persons long dead.

An interesting feature of the figures published yesterday is the fact that Kobe is now the third city of the Empire, having replaced Kyoto. Tokyo, of course, is first and Osaka second. Nagoya goes into fifth place, ahead of Yokohama, which drops to sixth. The population of all but three of the large cities of Japan decreased as the result of the census. The three which showed gains were the northern cities of Hakodate, Otaru and Sapporo, their growth being a part of the general increase of population in the northern island.

There are 124,850 more males than females in Japan Proper. The males number 28,042,995 and the females 27,918,154. The total number of families in Japan Proper is 11,223,053.

Following are the 14 largest cities of Japan, the figures for both 1918 and 1920 being given:

City	Population 1920	Estimated 1918
Tokyo	2,173,162	2,363,729
Osaka	1,252,972	1,641,580
Kobe	608,628	613,102
Kyoto	591,305	670,357

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Nagoya	429,990	436 609
Yokohama	422,942	447.423
Nagasaki	176,554	214,138
Hiroshima	106,504	162,391
Hakodate	144,740	133 698
Kanazawa	129,320	158,637
Kure	130.354	155,687
Sendai	118.978	122.720
Otaru	108,113	102.460
Sapporo	102,571	94,675

The announcement of the Census Bureau yesterday shows that the most populous wards of Tokyo are those known as the slum wards, Asakusa and Honjo, the former with 256 209 and the latter with 255,141. Akasaka, the residential ward, and Kojimachi, center of business and governmental activities, are the lowest in the list. Akasaka has 56,924 inhabitants and Kojimachi 60,036. The population of Tokyo by wards follows:

Asakusa, 256,209; Honjo, 255,141; Shitaya, also a "slum" ward, 183,194; Fukagawa, across the Sumida River, 178 964; Shiba, 178,204; Kanda, 151,617; Koishikawa, 146,184; Kyobashi, 140,788; Hongo, 135,565; Nihonbashi, 124,841; Ushigome, 123 353; Azabu, 86,993; Yotsuya, 70,109; Kojimachi, 60,036; Akasaka, 56,924.

Males outumber females in Tokyo by 152,108. There are 452,959 households in the city. The total population of Tokyo Prefecture is 3,699,283.

Below are given the figures for the various parts of the Empire, the census returns for 1920 being compared with the estimates for 1919. The figures for Korea in both cases are taken from local registers.

	Population 1920	Estimate 1918
Japan Proper ...	55,961,140	57,070,936
Korea	17,284,207	17,412,871
Formosa	3,654,398	3,698,918
Saghalien	105,765	79,131
Japanese Empire.	77,005,510	78,261,856

—Japan Advertiser.

Chinese Control of Posts is Approved

Dr. Wellington Koo has wired the Peking Government that the League of Nations Assembly has approved China's proposal for the abolition of the foreign post-offices in China. He adds, however, that China must establish adequate means to handle postal orders and other postal matter for the members of the International Postal Union, before the abolition takes place.

King of Siam Engaged

The King of Siam has become betrothed to his first cousin, Princess Vallabha, according to semi-official information received here. The King is said to have arrived at the decision to marry the Princess after mature deliberation in the belief that it will "secure his domestic felicity and best serve the interests of the Kingdom of Siam."

Ocean Perpetual Frontier

When Alexander the Great halted his legions at the Indus, he established in perpetuity a boundary between West and East. Beyond that frontier to the eastward were three great peoples who made up half the world,—India, China and Japan. These three, escaping the great world currents of the West, went their own way, thought their own thoughts, saw their own visions. Meantime the West pushed its way half round the world, but pushed on with its face still set toward Europe. So the two world-halves came to the Great Ocean and stood back to back, each facing toward the land.

Then came the great introversion when the caravan route of the camels was displaced by the route round the Cape, and commerce and power came to be quoted in terms of the outer Ocean. The world was turned wrong side out. It looked outward toward the Ocean, instead of inward toward the Mediterranean and the great river basins, Nile, Euphrates, Ganges and Yang-tse-Kiang. Then came to stand face to face the Orient and the Occident looking across the Pacific. Of the one Japan was the representative; of the other the Pacific Coast of America; of the one the Brown race, of the other prevailingly the men of the Nordic blood. Counting out the black race, these two represented the extreme of racial differ-

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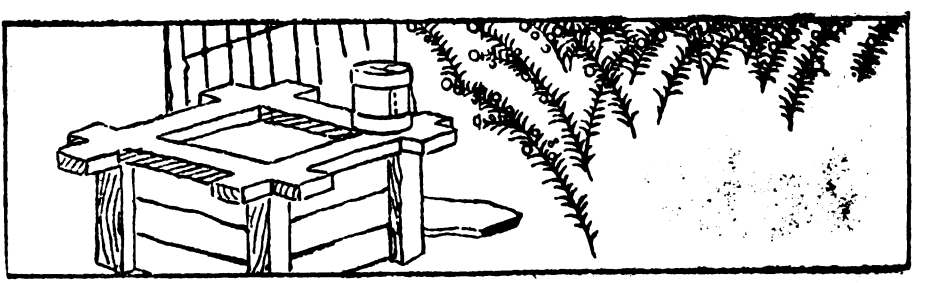
ence. They had both backed across the globe, one eastward, the other westward. They had reached the Pacific without knowing or seeing each other. Most unlike and most differently equipped, they suddenly found themselves thrown into intimate association by the great highway of the open seas.

Their differences are those of history, of tradition, of family and tribal law, of rule and obedience, of religion, of ethics, of thought and of beauty; they represent what is more, different standards of work and cost and living; and, what is most, they represent almost the extreme contrasts of blood and race.

The sub-races of the European peoples all represent tempered differences of blood. Moving up and down the river valleys of the West and the Near East along through the ages and up and down the mountain slopes those who have been coming to us by the Atlantic coasts are varied forms of the white race and can all be rated as forms of the great overspreading type known as 'European man.' Leaving out the black man we need have no apprehension regarding the men who come to us by the Atlantic. But the geographic frontier ploughed out by the Pacific is wholly another matter. Here we have a contrast of races which cannot be effaced. Here we find results of mixture which impair rather than better. The difference of type is too great. So far as we now know those who would now come to this coast from Asia and make their abiding place here, would be obliged to remain a distinct people. Here is the first great peril. We should be building up right in our midst a people who would add permanent traditions, thought, usages, religion and standards of life.

We have every reason to respect and admire the Japanese people for their intensity of application, their taste and persistence, their thrift, their community sense and their many civic and social virtues. Indeed it is to some extent their very virtues which make their coming to us at this time a danger. It is peril to them as individuals and to Japan as a nation. If they come to us now it means the perpetuation of the bickerings of recent years and their development into permanent misunderstandings and strife. Let the ocean make peace between us. In co-operation and mutual regard let us do the work of the world together, but do not let us try the crude method by mixture. It will not work. We are both of us and each of us too positive and too distinct in character. Neither can assimilate the other.—*Authorized summary of a speech made by Dr. Wheeler at a meeting of the local post of the American Legion at the State University of California.—Japan Advertiser.*



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